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Were Spenser's *Nine Comedies* Lost?

Spenser's *Nine Comedies* are mentioned only in letters by Gabriel Harvey. He indicates likeness to comedies by Greek and Roman authors and by Ariosto, Machiavelli, Aretino and Bibbiena. That Spenser at twenty-eight had written nine such dramas is astounding, even if he had not recently published the *Shepherd's Calendar* and composed other works, such as *The English Poet*; moreover, he had had duties as fellow at Cambridge and as secretary to the Bishop of Rochester. That such a body of writing should be unknown except for his friend's references is hard to credit.

Harvey writes:

Commende mee to thine owne good selfe, and tell thy dying Pellicane, and thy Dreames from me, I wil nowe leave dreaming any longer of them, til with these eyes I see them forth indeede: And then againe, I imagine your Magnificenza will holde us in suspense as long for your nine Englishe Commoedies, and your Latine Stemmata Dudleiana: whiche two shal go for my money, when all is done: especiall ye if you woulde bestow one sevensights pollishing and trimming uppon eyther.¹

Harvey is lamenting Spenser's failure to make public *The Dying Pelican*, the *Dreames*, the nine English comedies, and the *Stemmata*

¹ A Pleasant and pitthy familiar discourse, of the Earthquake. In Spenser's *Prose Works*, Variorum Spenser (Baltimore 1949), p. 459.

Dudleiana. Edmund had written to him that *The Dying Pelican*, the *Dreames*, and the *Stemmata* were finished. He did not mention the comedies. According to *A Gallant Familiar Letter*, the latest in date of the five epistles, Gabriel soon received and read the *Dreames*, on which he comments. He continues:

I had once againe nigh forgotten your Faerie Queene: howbeit by good chaunce, I have nowe sent hir home at the laste, neither in better nor worse case, than I founde hir. And must you of necessitie have my Iudgement of hir in deede? To be plaine, I am voyde of al iudgement, if your Nine Comoedies, wherunto in imitation of Herodotus, you give the names of the Nine Muses, (and in one mans fansie not unworthily) come not neerer Ariostoes Comoedies, eyther for the finenesse of plausible Elocution, or the rarenesse of Poetical Invention, than that Elvish Queene doth to his Orlando Furioso, which notwithstanding, you wil needes seeme to emulate, and hope to overgo, as you flatly professed your self in one of your last Letters. Besides that you know, it hath bene the usual practise of the most exquisite and odde wittes in all nations, and specially in Italie, rather to shewe and advaunce themselves that way, than any other: as namely, those three notorious dyscoursing heads, Bibiena, Machiavel, and Aretine did, (to let Bembo and Ariosto passe) with the great admiration, and wonderment of the whole countrey: being in deede reputed matchable in all points, both for conceyt of Witte, and eloquent decyphering of matters, either with Aristophanes and Menander in Greek, or with Plautus and Terence in Latin, or with any other, in any other tong. But I wil not stand greatly with you in your owne matters. If so be the Faerye Queene be fairer in your eie than the Nine Muses, and Hobgoblin runne away with the Garland from Apollo: Marke what I saye, and yet I will not say that I thought, but there an End for this once, and fare you well, till God or some good Aungell putte you in a better minde (*Ibid.*, pp. 471-2).

How is this to be interpreted? In an earlier letter Gabriel said he had not seen the comedies; in this one he does not speak of reading them or of returning them. He does exhort Master Edmund to attend to the comedies instead of the *Faerie Queene*, of which the author had said: "I wil in hand forthwith" with it. The difficulty, then, is the meaning of: "If your Nine Comoedies . . . come not neerer Ariostoes Comoedies." Is *come* indicative or subjunctive? Does it represent a present fact or a future possibility? Since Gabriel, never saying that he read any of the comedies, considers the type in general rather than the qualities of Spenser's productions, I interpret it to mean: 'if your nine comedies, when written, will not come nearer Ariosto's comedies.' So Harvey, knowing of the comedies only as planned, exhorted his friend to carry out a design more promising than that of the *Faerie Queene*, as he saw it.

There is reason to suppose that Harvey predated his first letter,² indicated as of April 7, so that it is actually later than the second letter, dated 23 April. If so, he more evidently had not seen the nine comedies. With further doubt of Harvey's precision, their existence becomes still more uncertain.

The plot for one of these dramas may remain in the *Faerie Queene* as the story of Pastorella's exposure in infancy and discovery by her parents after many years. Though suitable for pastoral romance, it is frequent in Latin comedy, and is exemplified by Shakespeare in *The Winter's Tale*. But essentially the nine comedies are to be put not among the lost works, but among those only dreamed of.

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ALLAN GILBERT

Marlowe's Mnemonic Nominology with Especial Reference to Tamburlaine

If Christopher Marlowe had shown the regard for his readers that John Ford did in introducing his characters of *The Broken Heart* with "The Speakers' Names Fitted to their Qualities," a literal translation beside each name, he would have made reading and character study easier. The only available study of Marlowe's name usage is part of the Ellis-Fermor work on *Tamburlaine*.¹

In support of this theory let us glance at *Edward the Second* and *The Jew of Malta*. It is generally assumed that Marlowe selected names on the bases of euphony and adaptability to blank verse. He certainly avoided those anathemas to his mighty line—spondees, anapaests, dactylls and trochees—but he went beyond mere euphony and scansion to choose names befitting the humours of his characters. That he was name-conscious we find in his *Lamentable History of King Edward the Second* when Mortimer says (II, iii, 21-24),

This totter'd ensign of my ancestors
Which swept the desert shore of that dead sea
Whereof we got the name of Mortimer.²

² The Variorum Spenser, *The Prose Works* (Baltimore 1949), p. 478.

¹ U. M. Ellis-Fermor, "Tamburlaine the Great in Two Parts" from *The Works and Life of Christopher Marlowe*, General Editor: R. H. Case (The Dial Press, New York, 1930).

² Underlining mine throughout paper. Quotations from Marlowe's plays taken from Brooke and Paradise, *op. cit.*

Let us look at *The Jew of Malta*. Brooke and Paradise use Ithimore; William A. Neilson³ uses Ithamore for the name of Barabas' slave. Bakeless, using T. Washington's edition of the works of Nicholas Nicholay, says Marlowe has taken for the slave the name of the saintly Bishop Ithamar.⁴ Considering Marlowe's personal reputation, he may have rejoiced in ambiguity of meaning for the name of the slave, but his first thought of Ithimore is, "Begone, fool!" from *ἴθι*, begone, plus *μωρίον* fool. In substantiation of this statement, let us accept first that he was bought as a slave and used as a messenger, first appearing as he says (II, iii, 135-6),

My name's
Ithimore; my profession what you please.

Who but a fool would say without reason as he walked down the street (IV, i, 14-15),

But here's a royal monastery hard by:
Good master, let me poison all the monks?

Barabas tells him (III, ii, 385), "Away then." He is a fool to tell of his complicity in multiple murder, first to Abigail and then, drunk, to Bellamira and Pilia-Borsa. There are five other "Begone, fool" references to Ithimore in the fourth scene of the third act (ll. 44, 46, 58, 81, and 106), and one in the fourth act (i, 25).

If Shakespeare's stratum of society had small Latin and less Greek in grammar school education, it is not far-fetched to assume that some spectators of Marlowe's plays understood from a character's name his function in the play. Marlowe's first play was *Tamburlaine*, an imaginative drama, faithful to history where records exist and improvising where history is scant or lacking on the exploits of Timore, son of Teregar. Timur the invincible lived up to his name Timur, "iron."⁵ Crippled in a robbery he became Timor Lenk (Timur the Lame) whence *Tamburlaine*. The name *Tamburlaine* certainly fits blank verse better than the spondaic Timor.

The first character in the *Dramatis Personae* of *Tamburlaine I* is Mycetes, King of Persia, who appears only in Part I. "Mycetes" comes directly from Greek where it is *μυκήτος*, mushroom, which today

³ *The Chief Elizabethan Dramatists* (The Riverside Press, Boston, 1911).

⁴ John Bakeless, *Christopher Marlowe* (William Morrow and Son, N. Y., 1937), p. 186.

⁵ Sir Edward Creasy, *History of the Ottoman Turks* (Richard Bentley and Son, London, 1878), p. 44.

is the suffix in names of such drugs as chloromycetin. Though we have for study just the works of the six scant years between Marlowe's Cambridge graduation and death, the character of Mycetes as a mushroom is confirmed in *Edward the Second* (I, iv, 282-6, 291), Mortimer, Junior speaking,

'Tis treason to be up against the king.
So shall we have the people of our side,
Which for his father's sake lean to the king,
But cannot brook a *night-grown mushroom* . . .
Such a one as my lord of Cornwall is.

The thought of Gaveston as a night-grown mushroom is one of his sudden eminence, whereas the picture of Mycetes as a mushroom is one of etiolation. Mycetes, the lily-livered, has no more red blood than a mushroom has chlorophyll. Mycetes, his name untranslated, does manage to come onstage with a dignity of which Sir Amorous La Foole is stripped by the English asage. It is a basic theory that a discord is used in music to make the commonly used chords lovelier. How then could Marlowe better point up the red, black and gold character of Tamburlaine, enhance his enormous self-confidence than by contrast with the mushroom king?

Who are the Mushroom's lords? Ceneus, κενός, empty, the Vacuous One, appears in 21 inane lines; Menaphon, μένω staunch plus φώνη voice, the Loud Mouth who speaks 39 meaningful lines; Meander, aimless wanderer who reveals his character in 69 rambling lines and is further described by Cosroë (II, v, 10),

Meander, you that were our brother's guide
And chiefest counsellor in all his arts.

The state which takes its guidance from a man with the name and character of the Meander River is sure prey for Tamburlaine.

King Mushroom's fourth and final follower if Ortygius, the Quail, from ὄρνις. The 39 lines he speaks are inadequate to describe him accurately. This character reappears as a different person in *Tamburlaine II*, for just as we use "quail" and "partridge" interchangeably, so the Greeks used ὄρνις and περδικάς (whence the Perdicas to whom are given only four lines of the fourth act of *Tamburlaine II*). The *New English Dictionary** cites as usages for "quail" in

*Sir James A. H. Murray, Editor (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1910). Vol. VIII, pp. 10-11.

the Elizabethan period the idea of cowardice which we have retained into this century. My feeling of Ortygius and Perdicas is that of yielding cowardice. To summarize, King Mushroom's court is ornamented with the Vacuous One, Loud Mouth, Aimless Wanderer, and the Coward.

Now let us look at Tamburlaine's followers. Techelles is the Cunning One (τεχνάζω), Theridamas is the Reaper (θερίζειν), and Usumcasane has an historical background. Theridamas is initially one of Mycetes' followers, but turning to Tamburlaine early, he stays with the hero. The meaning of his name from *θερίζειν*, to mow or gather in the harvest is borne out in *Tamburlaine I* (II, vii, 3-6), by Cosroë's accusation:

Treacherous and false Theridamas
Even at the morning of my happy state,
Scarce being seated in my royal throne,
To work my downfall and untimely end!

Mycetes earlier refers to the meaning of mowing or harvesting in Theridamas' name, saying (I, i, 74),

Thy words are swords.

Later Theridamas himself says (III, iii, 98),

I long to see those crowns won by our swords.

Zabina was historically Despina, the favorite wife of Bajazeth and her maid fittingly is Ebea from *ἔβειν*—black, as the maid in Egypt probably would be.

A search of Turkish histories failed to reveal Zenocrate. Miss Ellis-Fermor says⁷ that Zenocrate is not named in any book about Tamburlaine and that she appears in the Chalcondylas history, the only work mentioning her existence. Resourceful Marlowe combined the god of all *Ζῆν* (poetic for *Ζεύς*), divine, with *κράτος*, authority or power, to get "divine power" (or inspiration), which he calls her. She is "divine Zenocrate" through both plays and frequently so in the beautiful soliloquy beginning,

Black is the beauty of the brightest day

of the *Second Part*. Her maid, apparently *sans cheval* walks, for Anippe is *ἄν* without plus *ἵππος*—horse. Zenocrate was accompanied

⁷ *Op. cit.*, p. 65.

from her Egyptian home toward her betrothed by Agydas and Mag-
netes; Agydas from ἀγυία, highway, or the Highway One, the Man of
the Journey. His function (I, ii, 78) is to take Zenocrate to Syria

Where her betrothed lord, Alcidas
Expected th'arrival of her highness' person.

Her planned marriage to him would have been the wedding of divine
power with conquering strength, ἀλκή strength, plus δαμάζειν conquer
or subdue. Arabia dies

with full contented heart
Having beheld divine Zenocrate.

There is an important bit of symbolism in the death of Zenocrate,
Divine Power, for Tamburlaine then ceases to turn the wheel of
fortune. In her death he is bereft of both omnipotence or divine
power and of the will to have it.

The Zenocrate-Olympia function is somewhat parallel to the
Ortygius-Perdicas characterization of Parts I and II in using the
same type of character with synonymous names. Olympia obviously
suggests, as Zenocrate does, divine power. Olympia, divine power,
does not appear until Zenocrate as divine power is dead.

Tamburlaine I or *II* or both considered as a unit, the play is too
short for adequate character development. Because of the comparative
brevity of the work, an understanding of the names helps the reader
fix in his mind the characters as individuals. It is difficult in one
reading of any play of many characters to keep in mind the identity
of each, but I believe anyone will get new meaning and satisfaction
and a much broader understanding of Marlowe's plays by substituting
the English translation of the names.

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MARY MELLEN WEHLING

Jonson's Use of Lipsius in *Sejanus*

The decision by the editors of the massive *Ben Jonson* to scant the
Renaissance Tacitus used by the author of *Sejanus* is a misfortune
since it implies a challenge no others perhaps can meet. As the way
to study Jonson is the way Jonson studied, there is nothing for it,
however, but to suppress one's guilty presumption and check the play

against the Lipsius edition. Mr. Simpson¹ assumed (at least in 1955) that Jonson copied Tacitus with real appreciation of his somber characters, that Sejanus shows an element of tragic power, but that Tiberius is a failure—the reader, like Gertrude, being asked to look upon this picture and on this. Tacitus, whatever his value to Jonson as a quarry, was essentially uncongenial. The nostalgia for a Republic which to the Jacobean was a meaningless historical term; the conviction that the horrors of the Principate were normal, necessary defects of monarchy; the thrilling and magnificent despair; the verbal priggishness that causes him to shrink with almost morbid distaste² from the *sermo cotidianus* that Juvenal and Jonson loved—these aspects of Tacitus sharply differentiate him from the playwright. The question, therefore, is this: did the clumsy poet bungle the terrifying portrait of the Caesar? or did the conscious artist deliberately alter the features and hence change the meaning of events?

Jonson labored as he wrote under the crushing assistance not of Tacitus alone but of Justus Lipsius also, whose text (with elaborate footnotes and with marginal and other conveniences like the history of Velleius Paterculus, the "Excursus," and the index) he kept by him. Lipsius, with a certain Tacitan infiltration of style and temper, remarks in the dedication to the Emperor Maximilian II that the evils of tyranny exposed by the *Annales* are things not unknown in the present bad century—the servility of fawners, the anonymous informers, the dishonesty and insincerity of courtiers, the faithlessness of friends, the guilt charged to innocence, and the persecution of great, good men.³ Such a passage nursed the obsession carried over by Jonson from the *Poetaster*; ⁴ in *Sejanus* he first reaffirmed and then exorcised it by the therapy of concentration on his purely dramatic task. Unprincipled men betrayed artists in Ovid's Rome; and the dramatist, digesting authorities for a play about Imperial tyranny, filled his mind with the raw materials for a study of the ambitious upstart in that monarchy. Passionate about learning, he luxuriated in the gratifying habit of documentation.

¹ Percy Simpson, *Elizabethan Drama*, Oxford, 1955, pp. 127-28.

²For example, he disdains, literally, to call a spade a spade and is forced into the comic but ideally appropriate circumlocution: "amissa magnâ ex parte, per quae egeritur humus"! (*Annales*, Lipsius ed., pp. 33-34). The "tabernae" where Nero pursued his nightly studies are "diuerticula," resorts. See Gilbert Highet, *The Classical Tradition*, Oxford, 1949, pp. 273 and 643.

³C. Cornelius Tacitus, *Opera quae exstant*. Iustvs Lipsivs postremum recensuit. Antwerp, 1600. This is the edition Jonson says he used. I have read the 1607 and 1627 reprints.

⁴See "The Modernity of Jonson's *Poetaster*," to appear.

Even without the edition before the reader, Lipsius's aid to Jonson's Muse is inferable from the notes that make the margins of the Quarto a jungle of erudition. C3r (n. c) to "his religious Sister" (*Sejanus*, I. 516), for example, ends: "*vid. Lip. cōment in Tacit.*"; and N1v (n. c) to "no virgin immature" (V. 850) ends, "*Cons. Lips. Comment. Tac.*"; here Jonson's phrase is a translation, not of the simple "*virginem*" of the text (Lipsius ed., p. 140), but of the attractively pedantic n. 21 on pp. 140-41 about "*virginem . . . impubem inuestenque.*" The marginal (n. c) of the Quarto is a word-for-word copy of Lipsius. Such aid appears magnified when the reader follows Jonson's directions. In the "Excursvs" (pp. 491-541) the Belgian scholar cites the same authors on whom Jonson leaned for explanations and additions to Tacitus: for example, Dio Cassius and the *Historiae Romanae* (together with the Byzantine epitomes by Joannes Xiliphinus and Joannes Zonaras), Suetonius, Seneca, Pliny, and Juvenal. A comparison of Jonson's citations with the footnotes and marginal rubrics of Lipsius (sufficient though incomplete for lack of world enough and time) shows that the latter helped the former earn applause without awful exertion by a generous provision of references.

Thus B2v (n. h) comes from Lipsius, pp. 69-70, n. 193; B3r (n. c) from p. 58, n. 117; B3r (n. d) from p. 106, nn. 1, 6, and 7: here the learned poet shares with the learned editor a profusion of materials compassing Suetonius, Seneca, Pliny, Dio, and others. Turn to B3v of the Quarto. The margins thick with citations owe their formidable impressiveness in (nn. c and e) to Lipsius, p. 106, n. 6. C1r (n. c) comes from Lipsius, p. 107, n. 15; C1v (n. c) also, with the embellishment of quotation: Lipsius, "*In criminatione medicorum non omisit eum Plinius lib. XXIX, cap. 1*"; Jonson, "*vid. Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 29. cap. 1. in criminat. Medicorū.*" The first part of C1v (n. c) in *Sejanus*, "*Eud. specie artis frequēs secretis. Tacit.*", comes from the text (p. 107): "*Eudemus amicus ac medicus Liuiæ, specie artis frequens secretis.*" The instance is a representative enrichment. Sometimes the absent-minded annotator springs startlingly to view. C4v (n. a) in the Quarto might puzzle the reader: "*Tac. sequimur, Ann. lib. 4 pag. 74. quanquam apud Dionē & Zonaram, aliter legitur*"; for the identification of the Byzantine was not obvious to all who turned the pages of the printed play; and in N1v (n. b) he reappears. Jonson has mechanically copied Lipsius (p. 107, n. 12) for the former reference and (p. 141, nn. 21 and 26) for the latter. The benefits

of a quarry like the Lipsian Tacitus are clear from the annotation of Macro's warning to Caligula to beware Caesar in the persecution of "Their Friend *Gallus*" (IV. 235): Jonson cites Dio in I1r (n. b) in the Quarto; actually Lipsius (p. 136, n. 182) explains the relationships, adding for clarity, "Vide nostrum Stemma," that is "Augustae domus," on pp. 545-47.

A more insolent pedantry is the consequence of silent annotations that succeed in making a mystery in the performed play of Tacitus's intelligibility. Drusus's threat, for instance, to nail the proud Sejanus "on the Crosse" (I. 571) might not have conveyed to auditors the full force of the contemptuous insult intended; C4v (n. b) learnedly explains the ignominy of crucifixion, punishment of slaves. Again, Sejanus's terse "Send him to me, I'll worke him" (II. 24) is tantalizing and clear perhaps only to those ideal spectators whose memories were as full as Jonson's and ears alert. D1r (n. c) clarifies it for the reader: "*Spadonis animum stupro deuinxit. Tac.*" Jonson, one finds curiously, removes the ambiguity of the "domino" of Tacitus by the explanation of Eudemus that Lygdus is "An Eunuch *Drusus* loues" (II. 13). Another such allusion, the reminder by Sejanus to the Caesar that he had already been considered "worthy his Alliance" (III. 514), is equally obscure until G2v (n. c) helps: "*Filia eius Claudij filio desponsa.*" A similar example is Sabinus's complaint "yea our Bed assaults Our peace" (IV. 132-33); how many would have supplied an instant knowledge like the parenthetical information in H3v (n. c); "*Ne Nox quidem secura cum vxor (Neronis) vigilias, somnos, suspiria matri Liuiæ, atque illa Seiano patefaceret*"?

Sometimes there is about these notes a pleasantly familiar touch of the dissertation. For example, (n. b) on M1r glosses "The temple of APOLLO Palatine" (V. 516) thus: "Palatinus, à monte Palatino dictus." This kind of doctoral supererogation suggests that the editor who traced Bankes' horse (*Every Man out of his Humor*, IV. 6. 60) to a man named Bankes was a disciple of the annotator of *Sejanus* and therefore may not deserve the immortality of ridicule conferred upon him by less Jonsonian explicators.⁵

⁵ Some day, no doubt, the omissions in this comparison will be gleefully exposed. One's only defense is the frailty of the flesh, for the sheer pedantry of the process is stupifying. It seems best to kennel in this footnote other examples where Lipsius directed his reader to other authors.

C4v (n. c) in the Quarto of *Sejanus* comes from Lipsius, p. 107, n. 12; F4v (n. on "*Cordus*") from p. 121, n. 95; G1v (n. a) from p. 120, n. 90; G2r (n. a) from p. 121, n. 94. G2r (n. b) keeps the "*Cremutius*" of Lipsius

In the Quarto, I3v (n. b) to "He is, with all his craft, become the Ward To his owne Vassall, a stale *Catamite*" (IV. 403-04) cites Dio although the reading in Tacitus is sufficient (Lipsius, p. 143). The note by Lipsius (p. 143, n. 9) calls attention to Dio's "*lib. LVIII*"; Jonson converts this to "*lib. 58. pag. 714*." This is a characteristic of the poet's turning from the reference in Lipsius to the text of Dio in order to nail down the pagination. It will not do, therefore, to take Jonson's documentation literally. For example, he supplies for Arruntius's gibe at "our Night-ey'd *Tiberius*" (IV. 363) the following gloss: "*Tiberius in tenebris videret. testibus Dion. Hist. Rom. lib. 57 pag. 691. Et Plini. Nat. Hist. lib. 11. cap. 37*" (I3r (n. a) in the Quarto; Herford and Simpson (IX. 623) follow Jonson). But the poet's words are a direct quotation from Suetonius: "*quod mirum esset, noctu etiam et in tenebris viderent*" [*i. e., "oculi"*] (*Tiberius*, chapter 68); this passage supplied Dio and perhaps Pliny also with an epithet. Furthermore, Arruntius's sneer at the Emperor's "loathed person fouler then all crimes" (IV. 375) echoes the preceding description in the same passage of Suetonius: "*Facie honesta, in qua tamen crebri et subiti tumores, cum praegrandibus oculis.*"

One of the conveniences provided by Lipsius is a set of marginal notations which call attention to significant persons and actions, frequently by informative and eye-catching summary. Such a rubric, "Item [*i. e., Tiberius offensus*] Arruntio: qui vir magnus, & eò magnae spei suspectus," fixes the eye on Arruntius and the praise of Tacitus.⁶ The "trick in state (which Iealous princes neuer faile to vse)" (I. 160-61), ascribed by Sabinus to Tiberius, is said to be the use of "Secon'ds" or seconders (agents). Jonson on B3r (n. c) of the Quarto refers his reader to Tacitus' "*de occultis mandatis Pisoni*"; actually the words are copied from the rubric of Lipsius on p. 58. The praise of Germanicus that "paralell'd him with great *Alexander*" (I. 139) came to Jonson's notice in the text from the rubric on p. 70. The sharp antithesis between the early career of Sejanus as the minion of Apicius and his present power as Imperial

as well as the reference to a fragment of Cordus's writings "in Suasoriâ Senecae" (p. 121, n. 94). G3v (n. on "*Caesar*") comes from Lipsius, p. 123, n. 113; G4v (n. a) from p. 159, n. 100 (possibly); H2v (n. *) from p. 131, n. 156; H3r (n. a) from p. 134, n. 174; I1r (n. b) from p. 153, n. 68; I3r (n. a) from pp. 143-44, n. 9, and p. 144, n. 14; I3r (nn. c, d, and e) from p. 143, n. 9.

It is worth noting that whereas Dio prefers "*Livilla*" (four times) to "*Livia*" (once), Lipsius always uses "*Liuvia*"; Jonhon invariably uses "*Liuvia*."

⁶ Lipsius, pp. 12-13. The editor reinforces the praise on p. 146, n. 22.

favorite is worked up from the rubric on p. 106: "Aelius Seianus, qui Apicij delictum: post Tiberij consilium." The discussion of his ambition follows logically from the rubric on p. 107: "Viam ad imperium struit." In the quarrel that closes Act One, Jonson rejects Dio's more dramatic assignment of the first blow to the overweening Sejanus and (with Tacitus) gives the first slap to Drusus. He is careful to explain that his narrative departs from Dio and Zonaras (C4v (n. a) in the Quarto). His information and the decision to prefer Tacitus come from Lipsius, who defends the latter.⁷

If the plot against Silius in Act Two, contrived to weaken Agrippina and "her proud race" (II. 190), more or less follows Tacitus, nevertheless the rubrics of the editor point up dramatic moments. Thus, the vows offered by the priests for the sons of Germanicus offended Tiberius; Lipsius strips the circumstantial historical narrative to summary indications: "Indignante Principe" and "Quem acuit Seianus" (p. 113). The plan of denouncing Silius as a first step to frighten the friends of Agrippina, again, accords with the terse suggestions of the marginal notations: "Amici Germanici petuntur" (p. 113), "Silius primo," and "Quem Consul Varro accusat" (p. 114). Another important change from Tacitus was to bring together the denunciations of Silius and Cordus before a single meeting of the Senate, a long skip from chapter 20 to chapter 34 in *Annales*, IV. The suggestion comes from the "Breviarum" of IV: "C. Silius ex amicis Germanici damnatus. . . . Inter eos Cremutius Cordus historiae scriptor, quod Brutum & Cassium laudauisset, eiusque libri combusti" (p. 105). The rubrics on pp. 119-20 emphasize significant points: "Cremutius postulatur nouo & futili crimine" and "Libera & pulchra eius defensio," the latter turning up in a comment (not in Tacitus) by Arruntius on the useless oration of Cordus: "Freely, and nobly spoken" (III. 461). And the tyrant's symbolic gesture, burning the books of the honest writer, comes forcefully to a reader's attention by the marginalia of Lipsius: "Libri eius exusti: frustrâ, & augenda fama" (p. 121)—a note such as would inspire Jonson's deep feelings at this time.

Dramatizing the exchange of letters on the desire of Sejanus to

⁷ "Seianum non tam proruptâ audaciâ fuisse crediderim, vt vltro verberarit Principis Romani filium, Tribunicîâ potestate, & imperij consortem: & conuenit magis in mores Drusi, cui adeo promptae ad verba manus, vt hac de causâ Castor sit cognominatus, teste Dione ipso lib. LVII" (Lipsius, p. 107, n. 12). Jonson catches up the "*Castor*," in the exclamation of the Senators (I. 575), and characteristically credits it to Dio.

marry Livia so that it becomes a vivid duel of words and wit in the play (III. 503-82) develops from hints in Lipsius: first, the "Brevarium" of *Annales*, IV, tells how immediately after the burning of Cordus's books "Seianus rebus ex voto adhuc fluentibus, altiora struit: & Liuiam sibi vxorem à Principe petit. hic modestè negat, additis caussis" (p. 105); second, the rubrics, "Seianus nuptias Liuia petit" (p. 122), and (after the request) "Obliquè negat Tiberius" (p. 123); whereupon, "Callidū Seiani cōsiliū"—that is, "for leauing Rome" (III. 581); "Qui Principem abducit" (p. 123). These brief directions harmonize with the fundamental reinterpretation Jonson made of the protagonists he found in Tacitus.

The efforts to explain the monarchical relaxations on Capreae (*Sejanus*, IV. 378-401), especially "Spintries" and "Sellaries" (IV. 399) lead Jonson from Lipsius (p. 143, n. 3) to Suetonius and Adrianus Turnebus. The *Adversariorum Tomus primus*, Paris, 1584, fo. 82-83, of the last sends Jonson to Dio, whom he duly mingles with his references. Lipsius respects the reader's modesty though warning that these explanations are not satisfactory: "Qui tamen non satis explicant, cur Sellarij dicti à foedidate loci. Sed ego violo te Pudor." A less indirect infamy, the execution of the children of Sejanus, leaped to Jonson's attention from the rubrics, "Liberi Seiani puniti" and "Etiam virguncula: heu, per scelus prius violata" (p. 140).

Another kind of assistance was supplied by the mechanics of Lipsius's text. For example, Tacitus finds in the once jealously free Senate the essence of sycophancy, defined by Tiberius, "O homines ad servitvtem paratos!" (p. 99). Printed in capitals this demands an attention Jonson could not withhold: "ô Race of men, Prepar'd for servitude!" (I. 52-53). Although ascribed to the contemptuous Caesar, the remark actually falls from the lips of the libertarian Sabinus. Another textual device emphasized, by italics, the direct discourse, especially the speeches, in Tacitus. This facilitated the task of scanning the quarry. Thus the quotations prominently marked in Lipsius (p. 109) set off the short, angry complaints of Drusus over the high honors conferred on his father's minion (I. 548-75). The same expedition occurs in the provocations of Sejanus, whose italicized words in Lipsius (p. 113) lead directly to the attack in the play on Agrippina and "that discontented list" (III. 221) of her partisans and to the decision to strike down Silius first. Jonson again found the text useful for the comparison drawn by Cordus in his self-defense between the freedom permitted under Augustus and forbidden by

Tiberius (Lipsius, pp. 119-20; *Sejanus*, III, 407-60); it fixes the eye of a rapid scanner. A final example is the pathetic innocence of the young daughter of Sejanus, who feared when dragged to execution a punishment for childish naughtiness (Lipsius, p. 140). Jonson retains the italicized emphasis in the report by the Nuntius of the girl's words (V. 847-49).

Among the many conveniences provided by Lipsius, not the least was the inclusion in the volume with Tacitus of the *Historiae Romanae* of Velleius Paterculus. In the work of this retired army officer turned amateur historian, Jonson found an apologist of the Emperor as ardent as the critic Tacitus. Playing Ptolemy to Tiberius's Alexander, he replaces the more celebrated denigration with devoted adulation of his old commander and the latter's minister Sejanus. Jonson characteristically took what was of use to him in Velleius, caring little for the warning of Lipsius to beware an author who though coeval with Tiberius and straightforward and industrious, neglects truth (p. 3). On B3r (n. a) of the Quarto, the poet refers the reader to this pattern of official history: "*Vide apud Vell. Patercul. lips. 4^o. pag. 30. 33. 35. 47. istorum hominum Characteres*" (Lipsius ed., pp. 37-48). The note occurs beside a passage naming such noble "late Romanes" (I. 149) as Pompey, Cato, Caesar, and Brutus, for whose characters the Latin writer had indiscriminately fulsome praise. To the lamented Germanicus Jonson applies the adulation by Velleius of Cato: "Homo virtuti simillimus, & per omnia ingenio dijs quàm hominibus, proprior"⁸ (Lipsius, p. 37). In a similar effort, the playwright colors the mournful utterance of Silius with the very unTacitan eulogy of Germanicus by Velleius (*Sejanus*, I. 123 and 126-27; Lipsius, p. 64). Finally, an apothegm by Velleius on the opportunism of Arminius, eye-catching by capitalization: "haud imprudenter speculatus, neminem celerius opprimi, quàm qui nihil timeret; & frequentissimum initium esse calamitatis, Securitatem" (Lipsius, p. 73), Jonson employs as a provocation used upon Tiberius by Sejanus in their discussion of "pollicie, and state" (II. 171 and 206-08).

The "Argvment" of *Sejanus* seems to carry the dependence beyond the point that separates it from slavishness. The playwright describes the role of Livia thus: "*Livia*, the wife of *Drusus*, beeing before corrupted by him to her dishonor, & the discouery of her husbands

⁸ Citing the passage, Herford and Simpson say it applies to Drusus (IX. 600).

Councells" (ll. 8-10). Although it corresponds to the narrative of Tacitus, this startling misstatement, by the author himself, of one of the memorable climaxes of his play suggests that leaning on Lipsius had become too confirmed a habit to break. For the passage is a literal copy of the "Breviarvm" of *Annales*, IV: Sejanus, it explains, "Drusum Tib. Filium è medio tollit, adiuuante vxore Liuiâ, quam stupro priùs polluerat" (Lipsius, p. 105⁹). The impression of servility, however, is momentary and superficial. We return to the question asked at the beginning: why, if Jonson was content to "copy" Tacitus, his portrait of the Emperor and his narrative of events differ so markedly from the source.

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A Difficult Crux in Donne's *Satyre II*

In *Satyre II*, Donne's vituperative wit is directed against the lawyer Cocus, who seeks favors and advancements through obsequious flattery of high officials and members of the court. Though the poet can tolerate the sins of outrageous poets and shameless plagiarists, "the insolence of Cocus onely breeds my just offence" (l. 40). Then, ringing various changes on the theme of his indignation, Donne inventories the offenses of Cocus, including one which has sorely puzzled many readers. It is the purpose of this paper to attempt a solution to this difficult crux which occurs at lines 71-73; the 1633 edition reads as follows: Cocus must

Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
Bearing like Asses, and more shamelesse farre
Then carted whores, lye, to the grave Judge. . . .

"These lines," says Grierson, "are difficult and have greatly puzzled editors."¹ He then emends the punctuation, inserting a hyphen and a semi-colon for which there is no authority in the printed manuscript editions, to render the text: "Bearing-like Asses; and more shamelesse farre/ Then carted whores, lye, to the grave Judge. . . ."

⁹ Herford and Simpson thought Jonson forgot he had altered Tacitus in his play (IX. 593).

¹ H. J. C. Grierson, ed., *The Poems of John Donne* (London, 1912), II, 111-12.

This reading has been incorporated by all succeeding editors, who apparently accept Grierson's arguments (1) that "more shamelesse farre" in the punctuation of the 1633 text might be misinterpreted to refer to "Asses" rather than to Coscus, (2) that "wring" is a transitive verb requiring "Asses" as its object, and (3) that "Bearing like" should be hyphenated to form an adjective similar to "Relique-like" of line 84, a manuscript form of "Relique-ly." The significance of the lines, according to Grierson, is as follows: Coscus must wring to the bar of Justice bearing-like asses (i. e., Catholics who bear huge fines which they disgorge to the Protestant courts); he must, more shameless than carted whores, tell lies to the grave judge, etc.

Grierson is surely wrong. No doubt he was misled by believing that "wring" had to be a transitive verb requiring an object and felt impelled to provide "Asses" as that object. This, in turn, forced him to render the words before "Asses" in adjective form by hyphenating "Bearing-like." However, a glance at the *OED* shows that "wring" in the early seventeenth century was still a perfectly good intransitive verb meaning to twist the body in struggling or striving with or against something; "to contend, labor, or endeavor earnestly"—thus it needs no object.

Secondly, Grierson's invoking "Relique-like" in support of an emendation to "Bearing-like" has absolutely no basis in Donne's linguistic practice, for Donne never links "like" to a verb or participle in constructing an adjective form. He consistently fashions such compounds from nouns: *owl-like* (Sat II, 65), *Dove-like* (Elegy XII, 90), *nymph-like* (Elegy XVII, 28), *gulf-like* (Progress of the Soul, 342), and *staffe-like* (Progress of the Soul, 357). Grierson's wrenching of Donne's language from its usual cast might have had some justification if the original passage really failed to render an acceptable sense, but there appear to be at least two reasonable interpretations to the original lines, depending on whether one reads "like" as an adverb meaning "as," or as an adjective meaning "similar": (1) Coscus wrings (i. e., laboriously strains his body) to the judge's bench, bearing (himself and/or burdens of gifts) as asses do, and more shamelessly than whores he tells falsehoods to the judge; or (2) Coscus carries a posterior similar to those of whores, and more shamelessly than they he lies prone before the judge. I prefer the latter reading because it is typical of Donne's bawdy poems and also reveals his predilection for outrageous punning—bearing: baring; asses (beasts of burden): asses (posteriors); lie: lie; grave (serious): grave (necro-

philious). Since neither of the readings I have suggested requires the imposition of unnecessary punctuation or uncharacteristic grammatical forms, the original text ought to be restored.

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JOHN V. HAGOPIAN

Milton and His Contemporaries on the Chains of Satan

In *De Doctrina Christiana* Milton affirms that God permits the existence of evil "by throwing no impediment in the way of natural causes and free agents."¹ This view was also adhered to in *Paradise Lost*. Whatever Satan does is by the "high permission of all-ruling Heaven";² the war in Heaven is "foreseen" and "permitted";³ the temptation and fall of Adam and Eve are foreknown and foretold,⁴ and in fact the stairs leading to the earth are permissively "let down" to allow Satan to descend toward Eden.⁵ Later still, the entry of Sin and Death into the fallen world is in accordance with "the will of Heav'n";⁶ which is subsequently explicitly re-affirmed by God when He states that

with so much ease
I suffer them to enter and possess
A place so heav'nly.⁷

When an incident fails to serve His purpose, God simply forbids it. A clear indication of this is the prohibition of the imminent clash between Gabriel and Satan, which results in this statement by Gabriel:

Satan, I know thy strength, and thou knowst mine,
Neither our own but giv'n; what follie then
To boast what Arms can doe, since thine no more
Then Heav'n permits, nor mine.⁸

¹ *The Works of John Milton*, ed. Frank A. Patterson et al (New York, 1931-40), xv, 67.

² *P. L.*, I, 212.

³ *Ibid.*, vi, 674-75.

⁴ *Ibid.*, iii, 92.

⁵ *Ibid.*, iii, 523-25.

⁶ *Ibid.*, ii, 1025.

⁷ *Ibid.*, x, 622-24.

⁸ *Ibid.*, iv, 1006-10. My italics.

In the shorter epic Jesus similarly informs Satan that

Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,
I bid not or forbid; *do as thou find'st*
*Permission from above; thou canst not more.*⁹

Belial states a truism, indeed, when he declares that God

from Heav'n's highth
All these our motions vain, sees and derides;
Not more Almighty to resist our might
Then wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.¹⁰

Edmund Calamy, one of the authors writing under the pseudonym of Smectymnuus, adequately summarized this point of view when he maintained "that God hath all men, all the Devils in a chain, and that God only can do us hurt; and that no man can do us hurt but God must give him leave."¹¹ This position is frequently suspected of having its origins in the more extreme views of the Reformers; as a result many readers of *Paradise Lost* share the sympathy expressed by Professor Allan H. Gilbert for the plight of the unfortunate Satan, who lies "utterly helpless against the Calvinistic God" of Milton,¹²

Chain'd on the burning Lake, nor ever thence
Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs.¹³

We have been told so frequently that Milton's God is patterned after the Calvinistic Deity that it would pay to inquire whether Milton is in any way inclined toward Calvinism by mercilessly making Satan a pawn in the hands of God. Let us listen to one of the thinkers of the Renaissance:

It is the great mercy of the God of Spirits, that hee hath bound up the evill Angels in the chaines of darknesse, restraining them from those frequent, and horrible appearances which they would otherwise make to the terrour, and consternation of his weak creatures. Whensoever it pleaseth the Almighty, for his own holy purposes, [He determines] so farre to loosen, or lengthen the chaines of wicked spirits.

The writer of this passage is, interestingly enough, Joseph Hall.¹⁴

⁹ *P. R.*, I, 493-96. My italics.

¹⁰ *P. L.*, II, 190-93.

¹¹ *The Art of Divine Meditation* (London, 1680), p. 46.

¹² *On the Composition of "Paradise Lost"* (Chapel Hill, 1947), p. 56.

¹³ *P. L.*, I, 210-13.

¹⁴ *Cases of Conscience*, 3rd edn. (London, 1654), p. 162.

In a similar spirit, Thomas Traherne affirmed that Satan may come and go "like a Dog in his Chain so far, and no further."¹⁵ All the devils, indeed, wrote Saluste du Bartas, are held by God

chain'd in Fetters of his Power;
That, without leave, one minute of an houre
They cannot range.¹⁶

When Milton has God speak of Sin and Death as His own "Hell-hounds,"¹⁷ he was setting forth a commonplace of orthodox thought: according to James I, the fallen angels should be regarded as "Gods hang-men";¹⁸ as Comenius, the famous writer on education, has it, "God makes use of them to be as it were executioners to wicked men."¹⁹ The orthodox apologists of the faith during the Renaissance, unlike the modern critics of Milton, clearly discerned that it is incompatible with the tenets of Christianity to regard the devils otherwise than as under the complete domination of God. Accordingly, what Christopher Lever wrote early in the seventeenth century was accepted unanimously by all Christians, not merely by the followers of Calvin:

The diuels have neither liberty nor pleasure, but being fettered with limitations, cannot doe what they would, but what they are onely licenced. The angels are Gods servants, the diuels are his slaues: both labour in his worke, but with great inequalitie.²⁰

Clearly, Milton's Satan does not strive against a "Calvinistic God"; the exposition of the manipulation of Satan by God in *Paradise Lost* conforms to the opinion not only of one section of Christendom but to the central position of all Christians considered in their totality; anything less, indeed, would have implied the pernicious heresy of dualism. This is, admittedly, a paradoxical situation; it is interesting indeed to reflect, by way of conclusion, on the comment of a well-

¹⁵ *Christian Ethicks* (London, 1675), p. 349. Thus also Lancelot Andrewes, *Scala Cæli* (London, 1611), fol. 205; Henry Lawrence, *Of our Communion and Warre with Angels* (Amsterdam, 1646), p. 57; *et al.*

¹⁶ Joshua Sylvester, trans., *Du Bartas his Divine Weekes and Workes*, ed. A. B. Grosart (London, 1880), 1st Wk, 1st Day, ll. 716-18.

¹⁷ *P. L.*, X, 630.

¹⁸ *Dæmonologie*, ed. G. B. Harrison, Bodley Head Quartos, IX (London and New York, 1924), p. 20.

¹⁹ *Naturall Philosophie Reformed by Divine Light* (London, 1651), p. 238. Thus also Robert Herne, *Ros Cæli* (London, 1640), p. 100; Antony Fawcner, *Comfort to the Afflicted* (London, 1626), p. 25; Robert Burton, *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, 6th edn. (London, 1651), p. 54; *et al.* Cf. Thomas Aquinas, *Summa Theol.*, I, cxiv, 1.

²⁰ *The Holy Pilgrime* (London, 1618), p. 23.

known divine, renowned particularly for his gift to point up the paradoxes that man is heir to:

God presses the Devill, and makes the Devill his Soldier, to fight his battles, and directs his arrowes, and his bullets, and makes his approaches, and his attempts effectually upon us. . . . It is a strange warre, where there are not two sides; and yet that is our case; for, God uses the Devill against us, and the Devill uses us against one another; nay, he uses every one of us, against our selves; so that God, and the Devill, and we, are all in one Army, and all for our destruction; we have a warre, and yet there is but one Army, and we onely are the Countrey that is fed upon, and wasted.

There is no doubt, indeed, that this is "a strange warre"; but stranger still is that it has been depicted not by a Calvinist, but by John Donne.²¹

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An Explication of Dickinson's "After Great Pain"

Between 1860 and 1862 Emily Dickinson is commonly believed to have experienced a psychic catastrophe, which drove her into poetry instead of out of her mind. According to her explanation, she was haunted by some mysterious fright, and her fear, or whatever it was, opened the floodgates of her poetry.¹ But despite their overwhelming number, the poems she produced under these conditions are not an amorphous overflow from a distraught mind; they are informed and well-wrought, the creations of controlled artistry—especially about twenty-five or thirty poems which, unlike the rest, treat specifically the intense subtleties of mental anguish, anatomizing them with awesome precision. And since all of the poems in this small cluster deal with varied aspects of that one subject, all of them follow a certain basic pattern dictated by the abstract nature of pain.

In each of these poems Dickinson was faced with this initial problem: somehow she had to describe a formless, internal entity which could never be revealed to others except in terms of its outward signs and manifestations. Moreover, these externalizations did not always

²¹ *LXXX Sermons* (London, 1640), p. 5.

² *The Letters of Emily Dickinson*, ed. Thomas H. Johnson (Cambridge, Mass., 1958), II, letters 248a, 261.

correspond to the internal condition but at times, in fact, represented the exact opposite. Yet in poetry if such signs were completely misleading, they would obviously defeat their own purpose by communicating the wrong thing. Consequently, they must offer some oblique means for the reader to penetrate appearances to the reality beneath. In solving this problem Dickinson created some of her most interesting and complex poetry. Generally speaking, irony was her weapon as well as her strategy. First, she usually set up for her *persona* some sort of external ritual or drama which contains various levels of calm objectivity. Then, through a series of ironic involutions generated in the course of this symbolic action, she eventually led the reader from appearances to the reality of a silent anguish made more terrifying by its ironic presentation, as here:

After great pain, a formal feeling comes—
The Nerves sit ceremonious, like Tombs—
The stiff Heart questions was it He, that bore,
And Yesterday, or Centuries before?

The Feet, mechanical, go round—
Of Ground, or Air, or Ought—
A Wooden way
Regardless grown,
A Quartz contentment, like a stone—

This is the Hour of Lead—
Remembered, if outlived,
As Freezing persons, recollect the Snow—
First—chill—then Stupor—then the letting go.²

In a literal sense, this poem has neither *persona* nor ritual, and since it describes a state of mind, neither would seem to be necessary. In such a case attention should be centered on the feeling itself and secondarily on its location. Consequently Dickinson personified various parts of the body so as to demonstrate the action of numbness on them—the nerves, the heart, the feet—generalized entities belonging to no one. Yet that is precisely the formal feeling benumbed contentment produces in a person, especially one who has lost the sense of time and his own identity (lines 3-4). All the parts of his body seem to be autonomous beings moving in mysterious ways. If that constitutes a *persona*, it is necessarily an unobtrusive one that must be reconstructed from *disjecta membra*. Similarly, the

² Thomas H. Johnson, ed., *The Poems of Emily Dickinson* (Cambridge, Mass., 1955), I, poem 341.

various actions performed in this poem are disjunctive, and though vaguely related to a chaotic travesty of a funeral, they are not patterned by any consistent, overall ceremony. Since they are all external manifestations or metaphors for numbness, however, they are all as they should be, lifeless forms enacted in a trance as though they were part of some meaningless rite.

The first stanza, for instance, is held rigid by the ceremonious formality of the chamber of death when, after the great pain of its passing, the corpse lies tranquil and composed, surrounded by mourners hushed in awe so silent that time seems to have gone off into eternity "Yesterday, or Centuries before." In one respect this metaphor is particularly suitable since the nerves are situated round about the body or the "stiff Heart" like mourners about the bed of death. But if the metaphor is extended further, it seems to become ludicrously unsuitable. These nerves, for example, are not neighbors lamenting with their silent presence the death of a friend. They are sensation itself, but here they are dead, as ceremonious and lifeless as tombs. Consequently, the formal feeling that comes after great pain is, ironically, no feeling at all, only benumbed rigidity. Conversely, if the "stiff Heart" is the corpse, he nevertheless has life or consciousness enough to question whether it was "He, that bore, / And Yesterday or Centuries before." Obviously, this is moving toward artistic chaos since metaphors should be more and more applicable the further they are extended, but this one apparently becomes progressively worse. Curiously, however, by breaking all the rules Dickinson achieved the exact effect she needed. Her problem was to describe an essentially paradoxical state of mind in which one is alive but yet numb to life, both a living organism and a frozen form. Consequently she took both terms of this paradox and made each a reversed reflection of the other. Although the mourners, the nerves, appear to be the living, they are in actuality the dead, and conversely the stiff heart, the metaphoric corpse, has ironically at least a semblance of consciousness. In their totality, both these forms of living death define the "stop sensation" that comes after great pain.

Since the metaphoric nightmare of the first stanza could hardly be extended any further, Dickinson is obviously not concerned with elaborating a conceit. In the second stanza, then, the cataleptically formal rites of the dead are replaced by a different sort of action ceremoniously performed in a trance, an extension not of the previous metaphor, but of the paradox which informed it. For although move-

ment usually indicates vitality, there is no life in the aimless circles of the walking dead. Whether numb feet go on the hardness of ground or on the softness of air, their way is wooden because paralysis is within them. Since they cannot feel nor know nor even care where they are going ("Regardless grown"), they wander in circles ("go round") on an insane treadmill as though lost, suspended between life and death and sharing the attributes of both.

The third stanza is, in one respect, an imagistic repetition of the second. Benumbed, aimless movements through a world of waste, the motions of the living dead are similar to the trance-like, enchanted steps of persons freezing in a blank and silent world of muffling snow. But at the same time that this metaphor refers particularly to the preceding stanza, it also summarizes the entire poem since the ambiguous antecedent of *This* in line 10 is, in one respect, everything that went before. Consequently, this final image should somehow fuse all the essential elements of the poem. Not only that, it should present them in sharp focus.

Certainly the chill and subsequent stupor of freezing, a gradual numbing of the senses, incorporates many of the attributes of death itself: a loss of vital warmth, of locomotion, of a sense of identity in time and space conjoined with an increasing coolness, rigidity, and apathy. Since freezing, however, is neither life nor death but both simultaneously, it is an excellent, expansive metaphor for the living death which comes after great pain. But in addition to extending the basic paradox which informs the poem, this final figure serves a more important function by drawing to the surface and presenting in full ambivalence a certain ironic ambiguity which in the first two stanzas remains somewhat below the threshold of conscious awareness.

In its furthest extent great pain produces internal paralysis, but, ironically, this numbness is not itself a pain. It is no feeling, "an element of blank," which gradually emerges from the poem until at the end it almost engulfs it in white helplessness. In the first stanza it lurks just below the surface, unstated, but ironically present in the situation itself. For although the nerves represent metaphorically the formal feeling which comes after great pain by being silent, ceremonious mourners, they are simultaneously dead sensation, no feeling, formal or otherwise, not pain, but nothing. In the second stanza this implication is no longer subliminal, but even though it is at the surface, it is not developed, merely stated: "A Quartz

contentment, like a stone." According to Webster's *American Dictionary* (1851), the lexicon Dickinson used, *contentment* was a "Rest or quietness of mind in the present condition; satisfaction which holds the mind in peace, restraining complaint, opposition, or further desire, and often implying a moderate degree of happiness." Apparently, then, by the second stanza anguish has resolved itself into its impossible opposite, a hard, cold, quartz-like peaceful satisfaction of the mind. In the third stanza, this inert irony fully emerges to modify response and ultimately to qualify it to such an extent that the poem ends in tense, unresolved ambivalence. According to the superficial movement of the poem, the time after great pain will later be remembered as a period of living death similar to the sensation of freezing. Yet the qualifications attached to that statement drain it of its assertiveness and curiously force it to imply its own negative. For there is not only a doubt that this hour of crisis may not be outlived (line 11), but even the positive statement (that it will be remembered) is made fully ambivalent by being modified by its own negative (that it will be remembered just as freezing persons recollect the snow). Ironically, freezing persons can never remember the snow since they die in it, destroyed by a warm, contented numbness in which they sleep and perish in entranced delusion. Because there is no solution to this ambivalence, the poem ends unresolved, suspended between life and death in a quartz contentment, the most deadly anguish of all, the very essence of pain, which is not pain, but a blank peace, just as the essence of sound is silence.

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FRANCIS MANLEY

Mark Twain's Arkansaw Yahoos

The events and the people I refer to are found in chapter 21 ("An Arkansaw Difficulty") and 22 ("Why the Lynching Bee Failed") of *Huckleberry Finn*. The major point I would make about these two chapters is one that no one appears to have commented on: namely, that in point of view and in tone they stand apart from the rest of the novel.

The action in these two chapters may be summarized quite briefly: a man was murdered; townspeople attempted to lynch the murderer.

Presumably, the details of these events are reported to us by Huck Finn, Twain's persona in this novel. I say presumably because I think the mask slips and that the reporter in these two chapters looks suspiciously like Mark Twain himself. This conclusion is I believe suggested forcefully by the details used to describe the murderer, the murdered man, and the Arkansaw town in which the action took place.

The town was made up of "old, shackly, dried up" houses, unpainted; around the houses, gardens which raised nothing but "old curled-up boots and shoes, and pieces of bottles, and rags." These details, and the many others, are all drab and tawdry.

In the single main street ("just mud; they warn't nothing else but *mud*"), was a group of "loafers" who passed their time cussing and trying to borrow chaws of tobacco. Occasionally, in order to "laugh at the fun and look grateful for the noise," one of the loafers would set the dogs on a pig. "Away the sow would go, squealing most horrible, with a dog or two swinging to each ear." It was even more fun to put turpentine on a stray dog and set fire to him, or to tie a tin pan to a dog's tail and watch the animal run himself to death.

It may be that Twain here intended merely to depict an average back-country southern town. Whatever his intention, the town we see (through "Huck's" eyes) is a study in futility. It is a poor-white town; its people are poor-white. They lack initiative; they take a sadistic pleasure in animal pain.

The two chief actors in the tragic drama that took place before this backdrop were Colonel Sherburn and a man called Boggs.

When Colonel Sherburn walked out of his village store, people stepped aside to let him pass. When he made a threat, "the crowd looked mighty sober; . . . there warn't no more laughing." Such details, so objectively reported, do not suggest any admiration or lack of it on the part of the viewer, "Huck," for this withered remnant of the old South's aristocracy (Sherburn points toward the decadent southerner that reappears, later, in the work of Faulkner), but they do tell of a strong, proud man, distinctly above average in this community. It would take some courage, perhaps even a drunken courage, to bait such a figure.

The town was crowded—this was circus day—and "in from the country for his little old monthly drunk" was Boggs. Drink gave Boggs the courage on this day to attack the man before whose approach the rest of the town servilely fell back. "Come out here, Sherburn!

Come out and meet the man you've swindled." Sherburn showed no immediate reaction. Boggs, however, kept up his act, calling Sherburn "everything he could lay his tongue to." The whole town listened and laughed.

Sherburn did not laugh, but apparently he did endure a good deal of provocation before he stepped out of his store, the biggest in town, and said, "I'm tired of this." He added: "Till one o'clock, mind—no longer. If you open your mouth against me only once after that time you can't travel so far but I will find you."

The shooting was inevitable. Boggs of course continued. He "rode off blackguarding Sherburn," and "pretty soon he comes and stops before the store, still keeping it up." One o'clock must have come with little halt in the vilification. Sherburn had drawn his line; Boggs crossed that line. At one o'clock Sherburn shot Boggs.

The aftermath of the shooting is all of a piece with what preceded it. "Huck" tells us that, for a view of the dying man, people shoved and shouldered forward. "Huck" tells us about Boggs, lying with a Bible under his head and an open Bible on his breast. "I seen where one of the bullets went in. He made about a dozen long gasps . . .—and after that he laid still; he was dead." The pushing and shoving continued. Now everybody wanted to see the corpse. After all, to see this they had their "rights," they said, and "'Tain't fair" to be deprived of them. The details are written down most amazingly. It is almost as though they are the dead-pan observations of a clinician, talking about pus-pockets, or fractures, or worms.

When interest in the corpse was glutted, a new activity was somewhat casually suggested. "By and by," remarked "Huck," "somebody said Sherburn ought to be lynched. In about a minute, everybody was saying it." So the crowd, lynch-bent, swarmed to the Colonel's home. Sherburn, armed, stepped out on the roof of his porch and stared the people to silence. Then he proceeded to insult them. "I was born and raised in the South, and I've lived in the North; so I know the average all around." The knowledge led to no favorable judgment: a coward, this average man. "'Now the thing for you to do is to droop your tails and go home and crawl in a hole' . . ." They left. They could not seem to get away fast enough.

"Huck" left too. But, departing, he wanted it known that he was not running away: he was leaving voluntarily. "I could 'a' stayed if I wanted to, but I didn't want to." This is a piece of boyishness which is consistent with our narrator's next move and next

reaction. He went to the circus, and there, like other small boys, he saw "every lady with a lovely complexion, and perfectly beautiful, . . . and dressed in clothes that *cost millions of dollars, and just littered with diamonds.*" (My italics)

The contention which this note is attempting to emphasize is this: the voice which spoke these last words is a vastly different voice from the dispassionate voice which, in the murder of Boggs and in the events surrounding it, described what seems to me to be the novel's nadir of degradation. The voice that depicted this Arkansaw town as mean, sadistic, cowardly, and self-polluted is so different, in fact, that it even appears to belong to a different person. What is lacking is, I believe, compassion. In other words, I do not feel that the compassionate Huck Finn, Twain's persona elsewhere in this remarkable novel, is our only reporter in the two chapters here under discussion. Is it that the degree of degradation is such that Huck is silenced? Perhaps so. Who is this other narrator, this other voice? The intruding narrator whom I have called "Huck" might not unreasonably be thought of as Mark Twain himself, having his say about the "damned human race"; for example, about that same damned race which years before, in Hannibal, had murdered "poor old Smarr."

At any rate, I feel that in these two chapters the condemnatory conclusions really cannot be those of the boy who, elsewhere in the novel, sees man's frailties just as clearly as in this southern town, but views them with an immense and genuine pity. One thinks immediately of the Huck who said of the Grangerford feud, "I ain't a-going to tell *all* that happened—it would make me sick again." Contrast this with the remark made by the narrator of these two chapters: "I seen," he said, telling all there was to tell, "where one of the bullets went in. [Boggs] made . . . a dozen long gasps . . .—and after that he laid still; he was dead." One thinks, also, of Huck's reaction when the King and Duke, both of whom had subjected him to monumental abuse, were tarred and feathered and carried off "astraddle of a rail." "It made me sick to see it," Huck said; "Human beings can be awful cruel to one another."

"It made me sick to see it." The judgment is a compassionate one. Compare it with the judgment of a person who has picked, from his favorite tree, an apple that he discovers to be bad. Contrast it with the judgments made in "The Arkansaw Difficulty" and "Why the Lynching Bee Failed." The compassion is either muted or

entirely absent. The apple is bad, all right; the narrator (Twain?) has chewed on the worm.

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ROBERT HUNTING

New Testament Inversions in Crane's *Maggie*

The rigid naturalistic interpretations of *Maggie*, so popular in some critical circles today, obscure the universal implications of Crane's dramatic re-creation of Bowery existence. It is not enough, for instance, to say that the novel is the sum of "innocence thwarted and betrayed by environment."¹ Such a categorical statement implies that Crane's view of reality is unalterably objective, concerned only with the transcription of calculable sociological data. Actually his creative imagination is deeply stirred by religious aspects of the setting. This is seen in a recurrent pattern of symbolic moral situations which is inspired by the New Testament.

Here, of course, Crane's background is the point at issue. Reared in a confining religious atmosphere (his father was a Methodist minister and his mother a newspaper reporter of church activities), he unconsciously was trained to think in the ideological framework of Christianity. Even in rebellion against its expression in institutional religion, he could not completely subdue its incontrovertible ethical affirmations. We can see, for example, his patent detestation of mission evangelism in *Maggie*, and we can understand his impatience with its blatant self-righteousness. But, on the other hand, he introduces certain scenes and incidents which, though they do not beg attention, are nevertheless manifestations of an intuitive loyalty to the redemptive love of the Gospels. In the opening chapter of the book there is, I think, evidence of this. His juxtaposition of the violent scuffle in the alley with the tableau of human callousness illustrates what I mean: "From a window of an apartment-house that uprose from amid squat stables there leaned a curious woman. Some labourers, unloading a scow at a dock at the river, paused for

¹ *Stephen Crane: Stories and Tales*, ed. Robert W. Stallman (Vintage Books; New York, 1955), p. 7, introduction to the Bowery Tales. All parenthetical page references hereafter are to the edition of *Maggie* in this volume.

a moment and regarded the fight. The engineer of a passive tugboat hung lazily over a railing and watched. Over on the island a worm of yellow convicts came from the shadow of a building and crawled slowly along the river's bank." (pp. 39-40) These phlegmatic on-lookers, so carefully foreshortened against the background of a prison, epitomize the indifference of a society familiar with violence and crime. But at the same time their moral unconcern represents the degradation of the values of love and compassion in their daily lives. This is to say that Crane's visualization of the heartlessness of human relationships in this scene takes note of the paralysis of Christianity in this environment and in the world.

In effect, his scenic logic argues that human nature is depraved; but he counterpoints this attitude with an argument to the contrary which promises a deliverance from this amoral state. The complete title of the novel, *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets*, constitutes an initiation into the function of this device of irony. The name Maggie is deliberately equated with the practice of prostitution, but it is also, in context at least, suggestively proposed as a diminutive of Magdalene. This etymology, of course, is not correct, but here the association is almost instinctive for anyone acquainted with the parables. Since Crane presupposes, as all of us must, that in our culture man has been taught to make sense out of his experience in terms of the Christian myth, then the title should excite our sympathy instead of indignation. The heroine, in other words, is entitled to forgiveness like her counterpart in the New Testament. Crane has in mind, I think, Maggie's quite pardonable sin of assuming that love will redeem all, and at this juncture she metamorphoses into Magdalene: "Wherefore I say unto Thee, Her sins which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little."² This interpretation may seem to run counter to the opinions about Christ expressed by Crane in his poetry; yet his quick sympathy with prostitutes is an impulse of his moral conditioning—a much sounder gauge of his spiritual values, it seems to me, than the sophomoric heresies which dialectically shape some of his poems. Then, too, the novel was written before he began to connect his aggressive moral impatience with the scientific naturalism which enveloped the literary world of his day.

In any event, without too much difficulty this interpretive approach

² Luke 7: 47.

to the title can be applied to certain crucial episodes in the narrative. Jimmy's attempt to convince his mother that Maggie ought to be permitted to return home after her seduction results in a depressing burlesque of the Prodigal Son. By treating the incident humorously, Crane horrifyingly enhances the sadism of the mother. Unable to explain rationally his instinctive desire to protect his sister, Jimmy can only justify it by disclaiming its connection with Christian morality: "'Well, I didn't mean none of dis prod'gal bus'ness anyway.'" She, however, triumphantly refutes the validity of this precedent with the crushing rejoinder: "'It wa'n't no prod'gal daughter, yeh fool.'" And reducing Jimmy to impotent silence, she proceeds to revel in the opportunity for abuse which Maggie's inevitable return promises: "The mother's eyes gloated on the scene which her imagination called before her." (pp. 83-84) This inversion and its implications are obvious, but they lend sanction to my belief that the unvoiced inspiration of the novel is Crane's distressed insight into the abandonment of Christian love by his culture.

This perception is forcefully embodied in another important segment of the action. It involves Maggie's quest for salvation after her rejection by Peter, and is an adaptation of another New Testament motif. The minister's lack of mercy in this case parallels the response of the priest in the parable of the Good Samaritan. Maggie, seeking the "grace of God," decides to accost "a stout gentleman in a silk hat and chaste black coat," but he makes "a convulsive movement and save[s] his respectability by a vigorous side-step." (p. 95) A glance at the circumstances of the parable will suffice to establish their relationship with this episode: "A certain man . . . fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side."³ Ordinarily one would, I think, tend to limit this parody to Crane's contempt for the clergy and their fastidiously cultivated piety. But the satirical probe strikes deeper. It penetrates to the real cause of the degeneration of love in human affairs—the betrayal of Christ by his ministry.

Still another episode evolves out of the religious matrix of the artist's inspiration, the last scene in the novel. Mary's affected sorrow over Maggie's death is made painfully obvious, but once again Crane

* Luke 10: 30-31.

assumes that the reader will associate the travesty of bereavement with its archetypal counterpart. I refer, of course, to the conventional representation of the Virgin lamenting over the body of Christ after the crucifixion. Crane's re-creation of the depraved Pietà of the slums is contrived to comment ironically upon the mother's name, but it also functions to cast the black pall of an irredeemable Good Friday upon the culture which he criticizes. For, contrary to the critics who argue that Maggie is a victim of her environment, he dramatizes the key scenes of her pathetic fate against the background of man's defection from the redemptive love of Christianity as it is crystallized in John's record of the Savior's conversation after his betrayal by Judas: "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."⁴ Maggie, in short, is crucified by the same forces of hate in human nature that destroyed Christ. Fittingly the concluding chapter of the novel is characterized by the repetition of the word black in contrast with the violent colors of life in the earlier chapters. In this way Crane emphasizes the advent of the Black Friday which can become Good Friday only when it ensures salvation. But, in his perspective, this miraculous transformation cannot occur. The darkness of hate is fixed for ever in time.

And considering the symbolic function of the names of Maggie and Mary, it may not be farfetched to ascribe a similar meaning to the names of Peter and Jimmy. Simon Peter and James were the two disciples who accompanied Christ on the road to Calvary. Even the young Tommy who dies in his infancy may be a vague reflection of his doubting namesake in the New Testament. His death, in any event, seems to prove that Thomas intuitively foresaw the failure of the law of love as in later history it is interpreted by the new Marys, and Peters, and Jameses. Confirmation of Crane's preoccupation with the nature of human and divine love is sardonically recorded in the name he chooses for the unscrupulous prostitute, Nell. The new Helen of Troy mocks the meaning of love in her scarlet arrogance, reversing the downfall not only of her Greek congener but of the Whore of Babylon in The Revelation, the prototypal scarlet woman. She sheds no tears, she wastes no pity, she shows no remorse. She lives in the spirit of the new law of venal love which Crane proclaims to rule the world.

⁴John 13: 34.

This conviction, enhanced by immersion in the destructive element of personal experience, perhaps explains why in his later fiction religious images, for the most part, serve as simple correlatives of irony. Crane seems to lose even his provisional faith in the symbolic machinery of Christian salvation. When Maggie's innocent dream of love died, something may be said to have died in his soul.

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WILLIAM BYSSHE STEIN

Le Dédoublement de la personnalité chez Henri Bosco

Au milieu du tumulte de notre siècle, loin de l'agitation fiévreuse, de la grossièreté et vulgarité croissantes que l'on rencontre presque partout dans les lettres, fleurit une oasis. Le temps s'est arrêté dans le monde d'Henri Bosco. Nous y pénétrons dans un paysage idyllique, où la vie coule avec calme et lenteur, où plantes et animaux entourent l'homme d'odeurs sauvages mais pures. Les hommes de Bosco sont des solitaires, des rêveurs qui fuient la foule.

Le romancier provençal nous dit son admiration pour Nerval avec qui il partage le besoin du rêve; pour Villiers de l'Isle Adam dont il égale parfois le goût du fantasque; pour Alain-Fournier que l'on croira retrouver, par moments, dans tel ou tel des passages de Bosco. Le mystère, chez Alain-Fournier, cependant, est léger, vaporeux, tandis que chez Bosco, nous nous trouvons enveloppés dans d'épais nuages qui persistent: le mystère est ici central, systématique. Néanmoins, c'est un mystère souvent prenant. Nous en suivons la piste, espérant que se lève la brume. . . .

L'écrivain qui, d'un point de vue purement extérieur, offre la plus grande ressemblance avec Bosco, c'est Giono. Comme lui, Bosco chante la Provence, ses collines et ses pâtres. Tous deux exaltent la nature, une nature âpre, mais en même temps riche par l'éclat du soleil. Tous deux donnent aux bêtes un rôle important dans leur œuvre. Tous deux sont païens par bien des côtés. Mais, tandis que le païen intégral Giono ne se fait pas faute d'attaquer certains abandons du christianisme, Bosco manifeste un paganisme mitigé d'images de saints.

Chez Giono, la nature est truculente. Malgré son charme, et bien qu'il y ait chez lui souvent un souffle grandiose, la nature, chez Bosco, n'est qu'une simple toile de fond, un tremplin d'où s'élancera le narrateur dans des évocations surnaturelles. Il est vrai que Bosco montre une profonde affection pour les arbres, les plantes, les bêtes; longuement, il reste fasciné—ou plutôt c'est son narrateur qui semble fasciné—par des vols d'oiseaux. Il faut noter ici que narrateur, héros, et auteur ne font qu'un, le plus souvent. Le romancier sait nous convaincre de son attachement très réel aux sites. Nous souffrons avec lui lorsqu'on "assassine" le peuplier Timoléon dans *M. Carre-Benoît à la campagne*.

Les bergers de Giono ne sont pas loquaces. Ceux de Bosco sont encore plus taciturnes, s'il se peut; chez ce dernier, tous aussi montrent un côté "mage." Ils communient avec les éléments. Ils ont des liens mystérieux avec les forces de la nature. Les éléments, ces éléments si chers à Bosco et qu'il symbolise par tant d'images, n'ont point de secret pour ces vieux bergers, car si tous, ou presque, sont vieux, tous sont mages aussi.

Par l'intensité avec laquelle il symbolise les éléments, Bosco rappelle également C. F. Ramuz, chez qui on a déjà vu des déchainements majestueux des éléments, tels que les développe aussi bien Giono que Bosco. Cependant, le monde de Ramuz est d'une austérité sombre, ce qui le distingue de la sérénité fondamentale des deux Provençaux. La riche faune de Giono trouve sa contrepartie chez Bosco. L'amour de l'antiquité et le paganisme semblent les rapprocher. Toutefois, leurs idées du monde diffèrent profondément.

Le parallèle entre eux va très loin, tous deux cultivent les silences. Tous deux aussi sont poètes, par leur langage, leurs images, leur tempérament. L'un des côtés par où ils se distinguent le plus nettement l'un de l'autre, c'est leur optique. Il arrive à Giono d'emprunter la forme du "moi" dans la narration. Mais c'est accidentel. Chez Bosco, au contraire, cela est devenu essentiel. Ses premiers romans sont racontés sous forme objective. On y trouve des personnages excessivement bavards, plongés dans une atmosphère qui est déjà mélancolique, rêveuse, vibrant de poésie naturelle. A partir de 1935, les héros des romans de Bosco deviennent de plus en plus laconiques. C'est aussi que leur vie intérieure se fait de plus en plus intense. La valeur singulière des romans de Bosco provient précisément de leur ambiance lourde, chaude, parfois exaspérante, où le lecteur se sent plus d'une fois tenté de refuser de suivre le récit. Le silence des

héros devient inertie, divagation. L'inertie a pris des proportions significatives, d'autant plus qu'elle se manifeste toujours aux moments les plus dramatiques. C'est alors justement que le héros est incapable de faire un pas, de lever le petit doigt.

Tous les protagonistes de Bosco attendent: ils attendent quelque chose que leur propre volonté doit engendrer. C'est en effet de la volonté du narrateur que dépend l'événement qui ne se produit pas toujours. La volonté est susceptible de produire des miracles. Comment se fait-il donc que, dans presque tous les livres de notre auteur, nous soyons tentés de la suivre, d'abandonner nos objections éventuelles de raison, de bon sens? C'est qu'il y a un charme véritable, un sens du mystère très puissant et suggestif. Mystère souvent si bien gardé que l'auteur finit par ne point le résoudre. Ceci ne diminue en rien la qualité poétique de son œuvre. La seule exception au bon goût et à l'harmonie dans le mystère, il faut la voir dans un des ouvrages les plus récents, *L'Antiquaire* (1954). Là, la complication de l'action devient telle qu'on s'y perd, sans vouloir du reste forcément trouver l'issue de l'intrigue nébuleuse et prétentieuse. C'est un livre touffu, lourd, sans grâce, et l'auteur y a entrepris le tour de force de nous faire patienter pendant 399 pages, nous promenant de dédales en labyrinthes, entassant symboles sur allégories, pour enfin résoudre en une demi-page l'action par le récit en clair des accidents qui causent la mort des méchants et changent le sort des justes. . . .

Le double qui a hanté tant de poètes, qui est hantise douloureuse, tragique pour eux, est une sorte de régal pour Henri Bosco. Il éprouve une vraie ivresse en atteignant le point où se touchent deux esprits distincts. Tout son être tend à la fusion de deux âmes. Dès lors, rien, dans le monde physique, ne compte et la passivité et même la veulerie happent le héros.

De Nerval, Bosco a sans doute hérité la curiosité des choses cachées derrière la paroi du rêve. Déchirement en moins, nous refaisons avec l'écrivain du vingtième siècle ces expéditions vers l'inconnu inconnaissable qui coûtèrent la raison au bon Gérard. Pour Bosco, cette exploration mène à une recherche tenace, à un effort buté pour connaître, percer, puis finalement épouser l'âme de l'autre. Il n'y a pas, à vrai dire, de dualisme ici. L'âme du héros n'est pas tiraillée d'un côté et de l'autre. Si nous pouvons distinguer deux courants, deux tendances, c'est que le héros tient à sa personnalité à lui et tend à s'approprier une part de l'âme d'un autre, sans que cet autre en souffre nécessairement. Lui-même en tout cas reste intact. Le

dédoulement de la personnalité est, chez Bosco, un acte de la volonté qui permet aux personnages du romancier d'entrer dans la pensée, la personnalité, en un mot dans l'âme d'un autre.

Cette pénétration s'opère par tous les moyens. Tout d'abord, il faut à l'auteur un narrateur qui nous expose la situation. Cet exposé se fait sans candeur aucune. Il ne nous est point fourni de tableau complet de la situation matérielle, et surtout l'état des esprits reste dans un brouillard voulu. Cela dispense sans doute l'auteur de se contredire. Mais ce que nous donne le narrateur, en revanche, c'est l'ambiance. Nous y sommes plongés de vive force, par tous les moyens d'une dialectique brillante, doublée d'une puissante poésie évocatrice. Une fois que le narrateur tient notre attention—et il serait téméraire de vouloir affirmer que c'est toujours le cas—il ne nous lâche plus :

Si je parle souvent de mon sommeil, c'est que j'attache une grande importance aux événements intérieurs; et ils ne se créent librement que pendant le temps où le corps repose. Or ce repos du corps n'est pas repos de l'âme, mais abandon de toute surveillance. La raison cède à la poussée des images latentes, et l'empire de l'esprit se dissout dans la confusion. Le temps, l'espace enfantent et perdent sans cesse des dimensions fictives; ainsi, tous les édifices de l'âme flottent sur le vide. Parmi tant de possibles, il n'est plus de pensée, et rien de nous ne se refuse à croire. Fatalement cet univers évolue vers le malaise. C'est pourquoi, au réveil, le monde retrouvé apparaît si beau. Recomposé dans ses mesures, rentré dans la stabilité, il est trop rassurant pour qu'on puisse y croire, et l'on pense rêver alors qu'on s'échappe du rêve. Les bruits, les mots, les objets et les êtres les plus usuels de la vie s'allègent tout à coup et prennent une autre nature; ils deviennent irréels.

Alors, si, par hasard, cette vie retrouvée nous offre un spectacle insolite, nous ne le jugeons pas, nous y croyons. Et l'éveil nous enchante.¹

Quels sont donc ces héros de Bosco? Comment parviennent-ils à nous communiquer leur passion pour l'observation de la nature? Comment font-ils pour nous faire tremper dans un mystère qui, au prime abord, ne nous enchantait guère? Le héros de Bosco est toujours un solitaire, presque toujours un oisif. Il s'adonne, à l'occasion, à des activités d'amateur. Ainsi, l'occupant du Mas Théotime herborise de manière sérieuse. Mais c'est là l'exception. Généralement, le narrateur ne fait rien, si ce n'est poursuivre une vague convalescence. Il se retire toujours dans une vieille maison de campagne isolée. Et c'est dans cette solitude et cet isolement, dans cette oisiveté, acceptés de bon gré, qu'il se dispose à se lancer dans une expédition vers un autre être.

¹ *Malicroix* (Paris, 1948), p. 153.

On a appelé Bosco un "voyageur des deux mondes,"² c'est-à-dire du monde extérieur, perceptible, et du monde invisible. Cela est fort juste, et, pour ma part, je ne tiendrais qu'à ajouter que c'est dans cet autre monde, loin du monde visible, que notre auteur se sent le plus dans son élément. Non qu'il néglige le monde matériel ou qu'il le traite chichement. Tout au contraire, ses descriptions de la nature sont vives et belles. La nature extérieure respire chez Bosco un parfum fort et franc, les voix des créatures y chantent la joie de vivre d'une façon qui rappelle quelque peu Giono—du moins le Giono de la première manière. Mais si Bosco nous brosse ainsi un riant tableau du jour provençal, ce n'en est pas moins la nuit qui est son élément de prédilection. La nuit avec ses silences, ses murmures indistincts, son mystère impénétrable.

Pour atteindre à cette nuit, Bosco plonge son héros dans les situations les plus diverses: tantôt c'est un évanouissement au moment même où il allait toucher à la solution d'un mystère—le héros est aux aguets lorsque doivent arriver les étranges et énigmatiques personnages qui veulent le faire déloger (*Malicroix, Hyacinthe, Un Rameau de la nuit*). Evanouissement qui fait tomber le rideau sur une scène confuse et qui nous laisse en mal d'explication. L'auteur ne se donne du reste aucune peine pour diminuer l'obscurité. Le héros perd connaissance et il est aussitôt sauvé par l'intervention soit d'un chien fidèle (*Hyacinthe*), soit d'une femme venue d'on ne sait où on ne sait comment et qui semble se dissoudre, à la fin du livre, dans l'air épais du mystère bosquien (*Malicroix*), sans que le lecteur puisse en vouloir à l'auteur de savoir si bien mener un mystère aussi complet et aussi conséquent. Ou enfin l'auteur ne se donne pas la moindre peine de fournir une explication rationnelle du sauvetage, se contentant d'inculquer à son narrateur un vague regret de ne pouvoir, durant sa convalescence, reconstruire les circonstances qui avaient amené l'extinction de sa conscience (*Un Rameau de la nuit*, 1950).

Si ce n'est pas un évanouissement, c'est une forte fièvre ou autre maladie subite qui frappe le narrateur et répand l'obscurité la plus complète, d'abord dans l'esprit du narrateur, puis sur la scène que le lecteur aimerait voir s'éclairer. Cette maladie endort les facultés critiques du narrateur et jette un voile sur tout ce qui pourrait nous

² Jean Lambert, *Un Voyageur des deux mondes: essai sur l'œuvre d'Henri Bosco* (Paris, 1952).

renseigner sur les allusions délibérément fragmentaires à des événements antérieurs, essentiels pourtant à l'intrigue. Le narrateur-héros guérit—après absorption de force tisanes (Bosco lui-même reconnaît avec bonne humeur que c'est là un faible qui a des raisons autobiographiques²—mais avec la santé rétablie, sa volonté prend congé. Il y a toujours une étrange incuriosité chez tous les héros de Bosco. L'inertie qui caractérise les personnages principaux de notre auteur prend parfois des proportions difficiles à admettre. Ainsi, le narrateur de *Hyacinthe* vit dans une maison isolée sur un haut plateau désertique, et dans cette maison isolée, on entend des bruits de pas, sans que pourtant le narrateur ait assez d'énergie, de curiosité, ou simplement de volonté et même d'humanité pour aller voir ce que c'est. Une telle indolence est exaspérante, surtout quand tout dépend de ces allées et venues secrètes. Le lecteur sent que l'auteur veut se ménager un plus grand mystère par ce voile jeté sciemment sur toute explication raisonnable. Il me semble que c'est un côté faible de l'œuvre par ailleurs si colorée et ferme de Bosco.

Quoi qu'il en soit, le narrateur qui a ainsi manifesté sa qualité d'"esprit fort" est par là aussi équipé pour communier avec l'"autre." L'énergie qui lui faisait défaut lorsqu'il s'agissait d'aller vérifier qui avait bien pu pénétrer dans la partie inhabitée de la vieille maison isolée, renaît; il emploie toutes ses forces pour rejoindre, par-delà les obstacles mentaux, l'âme d'un autre. Comment une telle gageure est hardiment envisagée, nous le voyons le plus clairement dans un passage de *Malicroix*:

Je louvoyais encore, je rôdais, en deçà des volontés précises, dans le monde ambigu des intentions. Il n'offrait que formes confuses de désirs, de velléités dont je ne tirai rien. Il fallait cependant dégager cette décision. Je crus prudent de sortir de moi-même pour essayer de me situer simplement parmi les choses et les êtres. Je n'y réussis qu'avec peine, tant les frontières flottaient, imprécises, entre le réel du monde des choses et les figures intérieures qui avaient envahi mon âme et qui composaient, elles aussi, un monde. . . .

Un désir encore inconnu—ou peut-être même déjà une volonté obscure—habitait en moi, très loin, en-dessous de ces rêves. Désir indistinct de moi-même, pris, en deçà de ma pensée, de ma chair, dans l'intimité de mon être; et cependant force nouvelle, présence étrangère à mon existence normale, intrusion d'un autre en mon être, d'un autre qui, n'étant pas moi, venait de moi et sur qui, par moments, il semblait que posât l'édifice fluide de ma vie secrète. Cet être, je le soupçonnais de fournir ma pensée d'un désir lucide

² J. Lambert, *op. cit.*, Lettre d'Henri Bosco.

et de rendre accessible à mon bon sens, admissible à mes volontés, le monde absurde où j'avais commencé à vivre et qui ne voulait plus lâcher sa proie. . . .⁴

Dans *Hyacinthe*, cet "autre" est un personnage qu'on nous avait présenté au premier volume de la trilogie sous les traits de Constantin Gloriot. Bizarrement, le narrateur force la pensée, la destinée même de ce Constantin absent du récit, et il y parvient. Il réussit en effet à percevoir par l'imagination le décor de la vie de l'"autre." Il lui arrive même d'éprouver quelques-unes des sensations de l'autre. Pendant un temps, il a ainsi accaparé l'âme de l'autre, sans que le lecteur puisse refuser créance à une aventure aussi peu ordinaire. Le narrateur se trouve alors soulevé hors de sa propre sphère. Par l'intensité de sa volonté, il s'est rapproché de l'essence de l'"autre" au point de penser comme lui, de vivre sa vie.

Quelles sont donc les différentes étapes qui peuvent mener l'homme à dépasser la sphère quotidienne? Tout d'abord, c'est l'extraordinaire disposition au rêve, l'acceptation du merveilleux, d'un merveilleux dont on déploie devant nous les ingrédients. Je viens d'employer l'expression "accaparer l'âme d'un autre"; voici comment procède Bosco: il nous parle d'abord de ce qu'a pu entendre dire son narrateur par l'intermédiaire de personnages secondaires. Il situe l'action d'un premier livre, *L'Ane Culotte*, à une distance dans l'espace et dans le temps qui puisse nous paraître croyable. Puis il amène sur la scène de son récit un des protagonistes qui arrive d'une façon fort obscure (*Hyacinthe*). Mais le narrateur ne profite point de la présence de ce témoin pourtant providentiel. Il ne poursuit pas son avantage. Non seulement dépourvu de toute curiosité, mais enclin à une sorte d'abandon veule, il laisse s'échapper cette créature qu'il nous a dépeinte du reste comme hautement désirable. Au lieu de se rabattre sur ce qui est concret, il préfère procéder par intuition. "Je m'inventais une vie," dit-il,⁵ et procède à l'évocation des souvenirs de Constantin Gloriot, reconstitués pas l'imagination, dans une sorte de transe télépathique. Il entreprend un véritable échange de personnalité par l'imagination et non sans un certain magnétisme. Pour le héros, l'échange consiste simplement dans l'abandon de toute volonté, une fois l'"autre" atteint. Son don de soi ne va pas plus loin. Toutes ses forces étant absorbées par cette entreprise spirituelle, il doit nous

⁴ *Malicroix*, p. 119.

⁵ *Hyacinthe* (Paris, 1940), p. 84.

paraître apathique, au physique, et il se décrit en effet dans une "étrange apathie," une "faible curiosité" . . .⁶ Ce contraste entre une vie physique réduite et une vie du rêve animée illustre bien la conception profonde du romancier. Ce qu'il dit en cet endroit peut s'appliquer à la majeure partie de son œuvre: "Les événements comptaient peu. A peine des nuages. Mais les êtres restaient. . ."⁷ Tout Bosco est là.

Ces êtres dont il parle ici, ce sont ceux dont la présence ne se situe pas seulement dans le monde visible. Leur émanation est bien plus forte lorsque nous les atteignons au-delà de la réalité. Bosco reconnaît cette disposition à regarder comme supérieur en importance le monde immatériel. Dans une lettre à son biographe et critique Jean Lambert, il dit: "Ce qu'on appelle le réel se confondait facilement à l'apparence, et je mêlais avec une dangereuse facilité le spectacle du monde aux images mentales que sa contemplation me suggérait. . ."⁸

Le dédoublement de la personnalité que pratique Bosco prend les formes les plus diverses. Tantôt c'est ce que l'auteur appelle le "don de double vue," et c'est ainsi peut-être une simple expérience de télépathie. Tantôt, grâce au rêve, le narrateur se trouve transporté loin de la réalité. Il entre dans un monde qu'il ne connaît pas encore, mais où tout lui est néanmoins familier, car il en a anticipé l'aspect: "Je divaguais toujours, mais j'étais entré dans un rêve humainement conçu, tendrement infiltré; un rêve où tout me semblait inconnu et tout reconnaissable."⁹

Ou encore, c'est la maladie qui le prédispose à s'élancer vers cet autre monde: ". . . je soupçonnais que ce n'était que moi qui me souvenais de ces choses, mais qu'un être inconnu se servait de moi, cette nuit, pour retrouver ses souvenirs, en les déposant dans ma tête fragile que la fièvre rendait perméable au passage des songes. . ."¹⁰

Un fluide mystérieux permet à la pensée de se détacher de l'être pour voyager librement de l'un à l'autre. Si la pensée se transmet de telle sorte, c'est aussi qu'il ne règne qu'une faible clarté dans l'esprit du narrateur au moment où il éprouve cette sensation. Il subit "une obscure perception" de choses inexplicables; il a atteint un "monde mixte." Ce monde mixte est "alimenté des murmures, des sons et

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 101.

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 228.

⁸ Lambert, *op. cit.*, p. 223.

⁹ Bosco, *Le Jardin d'Hyacinthe* (Paris, 1946), pp. 10, 213.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 216; cf. aussi *L'Antiquaire* (Paris, 1954), p. 332.

des lents parfums de la terre qu'absorbaient insensiblement les premières affabulations de l'esprit gagné par le sommeil. Le réel, dans cet étrange paysage, me devenait imaginaire, et l'irréel concret. Si je rêvais, j'avais conscience du rêve, et là où je ne rêvais pas encore, m'atteignaient cependant les mains hypnotiques du songe."¹¹

Il y a donc échange entre les deux mondes: ce que le narrateur se garde bien de distinguer, ce mélange touffu de réalité et d'imagination, engendre un monde interlope, où l'esprit boit avidement tout ce qui nourrit sa fantaisie. Il y est généreusement disposé. Toutes ses aspirations l'y portent. Revenu à la pleine conscience, il nous paraît nécessairement diminué.

Un tel échange préside aussi à la communication entre âmes. Comment expliquer autrement le sérieux de la tâche qu'assume Martial de Mégremut, dans *Malicroix*? En effet, il accepte de subir une épreuve de constance, en accord avec l'étrange testament de son grand-oncle Malicroix. Que cette épreuve défie la simple raison ne le détournera pas de sa tâche, pas plus que son peu de disposition naturelle pour une mission semblable. Il lui suffit que la tâche soit fixée par l'ancêtre pour se sentir irrésistiblement attiré vers ce mystère. Il y a donc volonté de fusion, d'abandon de sa personnalité, choix du caractère de l'"autre." Martial endossera l'ombre de la personnalité de cet "autre."

La volonté de fusion avec le mystère peut adopter encore d'autres formes analogues. Bosco se montre capable de diriger son imagination de telle sorte qu'il se suscite des songes en quelque sorte commandés. Il dit, dans un roman fortement empreint d'éléments autobiographiques, combien il tient aux rêves "dont je fais grand usage—et sans lesquels la vie me serait impossible." Ainsi il en arrive à marcher "entre ciel et terre sans craindre le vertige." L'habitude des songes lui est si naturelle qu'il parvient à s'y plonger à volonté, "sur commande":

Mes songes ne demandent qu'un mot pour envahir ma tête; ils sont à l'affût du moindre murmure, et il en faut bien peu pour mettre en mouvement leurs imprévisibles apparitions. Mais alors tout, à leur passage, devient songe aussi. . . . Mais, en retour, placé au milieu des vrais songes, cette création concrète qui propose un être plus dense à leurs nuées, y enfante les formes de la vie croyable. D'une illusion elle fait immédiatement une pensée, puis lui donne un corps qui s'anime pour nous atteindre et peut-être nous séduire."¹²

¹¹ *Le Jardin d'Hyacinthe*, p. 156.

¹² *Antonin* (Paris, 1951), pp. 265, 286.

Dans *Antonin*, ce sont des rêves à l'état pur, sans l'intervention du double. Le livre en est exempt, si ce n'est que les deux bossus, frères jumeaux, sont destinés à représenter une vague projection de l'idée du double. Mais ces personnages d'inspiration faiblement hoffmannesque sont par trop synthétiques et d'un grotesque tellement forcé qu'ils ne supporteraient pas le poids de l'allégorie. Le charme du roman provient de la gratuité du songe. L'auteur s'y est arrêté en plein vol. Sa description du sommeil et du songe sonnent comme une recette du bonheur. A le voir s'installer pour la nuit, en pleine nature, dans un endroit délaissé, on sent que l'enfant Antonin goûte déjà par anticipation l'exaltation, voire l'ivresse que l'homme mûr éprouvera dans l'exploration de plus en plus consciente de l'inconscient. La nuit de l'enfant n'est encore peuplée que de pures délices. La fusion de l'être humain avec la nature est ici obtenue de plein gré de part et d'autre, sans angoisse, sans heurt.

Ainsi, à la fin de ce roman souvent gracieux, Bosco récapitule sa position précaire de voyageur des deux mondes. Dans la lueur sereine d'un de ces paradis dont il a le secret de fabrication, il se laisse aller aux douceurs d'une veille qui anticipe déjà les plaisirs du sommeil et du rêve: "Si je cède à cette intrusion," dit-il à la suite du passage précédemment cité, "et que, dans cet état mental, je prenne position, à mon insu, entre la réalité et le songe, il m'arrive de ne plus pouvoir distinguer l'un de l'autre." De là à conclure que des événements peuvent être "attirés" par les songes, n'est qu'un pas que, dans *Antonin*, Bosco ne franchit point.

Sa plus grande force épique, Bosco l'atteint dans *Malicroix*. Quoique le lecteur puisse encore se refuser à le suivre, l'auteur nous plonge dans l'isolement le plus complet. Nous voilà captifs, dans l'île de la Redousse, avec Martial de Mégremut, ce jeune rejeton de tant de "tendres et bons Mégremut," qui a entrepris de se faire Malicroix, sombre et déterminé, et cela sur la foi d'un testament bizarre. Le fait est que Martial hésitait encore à vouloir remplir les stipulations étranges de ce testament. Ce n'est que lorsqu'apparaît une contrariété sous la figure à la fois rubiconde et vampirique de M^e Dromiols, le notaire, que Martial se décide à lutter: la volonté de l'écarter de l'île a fait naître la sienne qui est d'y rester et de s'opposer au fluide malveillant. Et c'est précisément parce que ce processus ne peut s'accomplir sans difficulté que nous pouvons y croire ici: "En demeurant ici jusqu'au bout, sans raison que puisse admettre la raison, je saurai bien si oui ou non je suis capable d'être autre que je

ne suis, et plus que moi. (. . .) Mais quoi ou qui?—Malicroix peut-être. . .”¹³

Ici, dans la formation lente et confuse d'une volonté chez un homme serein et doux par nature, Bosco a réussi à nous convaincre de la vérité psychologique d'un personnage peu croyable dans la vie ordinaire. Mégremut devient Malicroix à force de volonté: “Il faut, me murmurais-je, atteindre à cette âme tentante; et le puis-je sans Malicroix (sans devenir moi-même Malicroix), qui aima et fut aimé?”¹⁴

Tout en vivant cette transformation de son être qui frise la transsubstantiation, le narrateur-héros reste lucide. Il sait garder juste assez de distance des événements pour nous conter d'une façon à peu près suivie le déroulement des faits—et du reste pas de tous les faits! Le tableau psychique est saisissant: avec une précision clinique, Martial nous décrit comment il se détache de sa propre réalité pour embrasser celle de son nouvel entourage. Il veut jouer la partie selon les règles à lui imposées, quand même ces règles nous apparaîtraient absurdes.

Au contraire de cette pénétration de l'“autre,” de ce dédoublement voulu et presque rimbaldien, ailleurs, dans un roman écrit peu avant *Malicroix*, un personnage secondaire parvient à cette même pénétration de façon inconsciente. Hermeline Carre-Benoît, une femme de cinquante-cinq ans, habituée à une vie morose, s'épanouit sous les chatteries de Zéphyrine, complice du mystère anodin, qui lui montre un portrait de sa tante Hortense qu'elle n'avait jamais vue, mais dont elle a hérité: “Lentement, Hermeline, en soi, sentait se dégager quelque chose de vague et de vivant, plus dense que son insignifiante pensée, et elle devenait comme un double, ressuscité par miracle, d'Hortense.”¹⁵

Le mystère voulu de *Malicroix* serait impensable sans la détermination du narrateur: il ne se refuse à aucun moment à cette expérience singulière qu'on lui a demandé d'accomplir. Au contraire, c'est avec joie qu'il s'y précipite, et s'il a des moments d'angoisse, cela ajoute encore au chatouillement délicieux qu'il ne cesse d'éprouver dans l'état où il s'est mis de plein gré: “Je pris le sommeil qui vint sur moi à pleines mains, pour disparaître dans la nuit, sans un soupir,

¹³ *Malicroix*, p. 124.

¹⁴ *Malicroix*, p. 125.

¹⁵ *M. Carre-Benoît à la campagne* (Paris-Alger, 1947), p. 70.

tant j'avais hâte de passer de l'autre côté de la vie, dans l'immobilité." ¹⁶

Devant une telle frénésie de l'oubli de soi, les obstacles matériels ont peu de poids. Il y a, dans *Malicroix* comme dans presque tous les autres romans de Bosco, des moments de fusion entre le monde physique et l'âme. L'orage, ici, traduit l'humeur des hommes. Dans la violence de la tempête qui secoue la Redousse, cette vieille maison fruste mais solide qui sert de carapace à l'hermite, il y a l'écho des luttes intérieures; l'âme trouve l'apaisement rêvé non pas *après* mais *dans* la tempête même. L'harmonie de l'homme avec les forces élémentaires produit aussi, dans *Malicroix*, le seul acte de volonté extérieure—c'est-à-dire, volonté d'agir autrement que par transfert de la personnalité—que nous puissions trouver dans toute l'œuvre de Bosco: "Même à demi halluciné j'errais déjà dans le monde des actes. . ." ¹⁷ Car—et ceci montre à quel point le narrateur de Bosco, sous tant de noms différents à travers les livres, reste invariablement le même homme, porte-parole de l'auteur—partout ailleurs, aux moments de crise et de danger, il y a inertie totale, paralysie complète et abandon de la volonté, non sans volupté, du reste.

C'est aussi dans *Malicroix* que se déclare un malaise chez l'homme doué de la dangereuse facilité de troquer son être contre un autre. Lorsque Martial comprend qu'en lui il y a un étranger, une grande détresse le déchire. Cette révélation lui vient quand, la majeure partie de l'épreuve accomplie, il revient parmi les siens. A ce moment-là, il se rend compte de la distance qu'il y a de sa vie insouciance d'autrefois, au milieu des oncles, cousins et cousines, à l'austérité lugubre dans laquelle il a pénétré, dans le domaine de Malicroix. Il surprend sa vieille tante Philomène qui lui avait été si familière, et il la voit sous un jour nouveau: ". . . je pouvais la contempler tout à mon aise, et, pour la première fois de ma vie, avec d'autres yeux que les miens, les yeux de l'autre. Car l'étranger m'avait suivi; l'étranger était là; j'étais l'étranger." Et il est "saisi entre ces deux natures qui se pénétraient cependant, corps et âme. . ." ¹⁸

La douloureuse conscience de sa double nature, en cet endroit, n'est d'ailleurs qu'une des inconséquences apparentes de Bosco qui se contredit plus d'une fois sur ce point. Même son de cloche dans le

¹⁶ *Malicroix*, p. 109.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 194.

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, pp. 290, 291.

journal de Cyprien du *Jardin d'Hyacinthe*, par exemple. Mais, en général, le romancier ne cache pas sa joie de vaincre l'obstacle qui sépare l'âme du héros de celle d'un autre. Une des exceptions à cette tendance illustre de façon frappante combien le romancier se rend compte de ses propres tergiversations:

... en dépit des apparences, je n'aime pas ces âmes trop habiles à quitter leur corps et à y rentrer. Moi-même, hélas! je n'ai que trop de prédispositions à quitter le mien pour le moindre songe. Maintenant, je le sais, moi, qui jadis croyais ne vivre qu'en ce monde où le corps définit toute la vie et retient pour soi presque toute l'âme.¹⁹

Saurait-on avouer avec plus de candeur l'égoïsme du voyageur des "deux mondes"? Tout va bien, tant que c'est lui-même qui choisit de se transporter dans l'âme d'un autre. Il n'en est pas de même quand de pareilles libertés sont exercées par autrui!

D'ordinaire, ce n'est point avec regret que Bosco considère sa faculté de pénétration. L'une des formules les plus objectives, les moins enthousiastes nous le montre dans une attitude caractéristique:

Je me tenais entre le sommeil et la veille, à mi-songe, et je confondais les deux mondes dont l'un me fournissait de figures fuyantes et l'autre d'une paix nocturne où ces figures s'évanouissaient.²⁰

Voilà donc la clef de l'énigme: l'un et l'autre de ces mondes sont nécessaires au héros pour former un tout. Nous ne le voyons jamais aspirer à la paix tout court. Bien plutôt, il s'abandonne volontiers au rêve, car ce rêve le transporte dans la sphère où sa véritable vie prend forme, et c'est un au-delà où temps et espace ont cessé d'avoir de la signification.

Si l'élaboration du mystère est souvent trop longue, si nous sentons l'intention et la technique de l'auteur, cela n'empêche pas, en fin de compte, la magie poétique d'opérer. Il y a, un peu partout dans l'œuvre d'Henri Bosco, un enchantement pur et simple, fait de nature autant que de rêves. A travers les aberrations même les plus lassantes, on assiste à l'éclosion d'un tempérament humain. Si Bosco est un grand voyageur, on aimerait bien l'accompagner pendant un bout de chemin.

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¹⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 249.

²⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 320.

The Poem "Van dem scholer van paryß"

German manuscript IV in the Library of the University of Pennsylvania consists of ten texts, bound in full calf; in toto, 79 folios (a-c¹², d¹²⁻¹, e-f¹², g⁸). The contents of the ten items have been established as:

- I. The Martyrdom of St. Catharine, folia 1r-22r.
- II. The Student of Paris, folia 22r-24r.
- III. Hymn in Honor of St. Catharine, folium 24v.
- IV. The Legend of St. Alexius, folia 25r-30r.
- V. Aristotle and Phyllis, folia 30v-47r.
- VI. The Queen of France and the Perfidious Marshal, folia 48r-61v.
- VII. Marianic Sequence, folia 62r-67r.
- VIII. The Monk's Distress, folium 67v. Incomplete.
- IX. Marianic Hymn, folia 68r-69v.
- X. Preparation for Confession, folia 70r-79v.

A single scribe, as deduced from the handwriting, has brought together a potpourri of religious literature and temporal farces which are most enlightening as to the literary taste of the time. From this group then item II, "Van dem scholer van paryß," has been selected because of its possible association with the well-known farce of Hans Sachs. However, the title in this sense is a misnomer since Sachs' *Schüler* is concerned with a clerk intent upon other adventures.¹

Van dem scholer van paryß

— 22r —

1. Wyllēt ir hōren waß gefschach
2. Van eyne werden studenten eyne sache
3. Zu paryß in der werder stat
4. Do wart her der frauwen sat
5. Durch die straß gynck her nyt ferre
6. Eyn schone frauwe quam dae her
7. Her sprach junfre suberlich
8. Moicht ich zu nacht bij uch ligen
9. Ich wulde uch truwen schoyne
10. Vnd wulds uch zu nuyn malen doyn
11. Dat verhort eyne burgerryne
12. Der waß wol myt der mynne
13. Sij hatte die rede wail vernomen
14. Vnd hieß yne deß nachtes komen
15. Deß nam der student war

¹ For the scholar concerned here we refer to *Die deutsche Literatur des Mittelalters: Verfasserlexikon*, ed. K. Langosch (Berlin, 1953), iv, cols. 82-83.

16. In der nacht quam her dar
17. Er clopte fuuerlichen an

— 22v —

18. Dat verhorde der frauwen man
19. Der man hatte woil vernomen die mere
20. Her det abe² er die frauwe were
21. Her sprach bijstu da
22. Der student sprach jae
23. So trijt lijße myt gemach
24. Dat myn man nyt entwach
25. ^a Vnd trit so stille ^b so folget dir dyn wille³
26. Vnd lich her in dieße kijften
27. Da myt wil ich dich frijften
28. Als myn man uff wilt stayn
29. Daß sal ich dich wijsßen layn
30. Der student gedaicht in synem moide
31. Jeh hoffen dyn dynck werde alles goide
32. Do dacht der wirt ja synem synne
33. Jeh lonen dir nach dyner mynne
34. Vnd myner loißr valentyen
35. Der wirt begunde swigen
36. Vnd gynck wieder ligen
37. Bijß an den morgen ane schaden
38. Her begunde syne frunt zu laden
39. Vnd die ire auch mede
40. Daß det her myt gudem seden

— 23r —

41. Her wolde yne eyn malezijt geben
42. Uff das sie sagen eben
43. Wie her eyn boiß wijff hedde
44. Die eynen geladen hette zu bedde
45. Die frauwe enwijfte nyt die mere
46. Vor der kijften gynck sie hyn
47. Der student sprach zu der stont
48. Dat dich der dubel schende
49. Haißt mych her yn gelayn⁴
50. Vnd wilt mych nyt wieder uff layn
51. Die frauwe sprach waiffen
52. Dit han ich verschlayffen
53. Myn man hait dich her yn gedayn
54. Ich wil dich wieder uff layn
55. Die frauwe schloiß die kijfte uff

² Cf. V. Michels, *Mittelhochdeutsches Elementarbuch* (Heidelberg, 1921), § 10, Anm. 3, § 177.

³ Although appearing as one line in the manuscript, line 25 must be an almagamation of what was originally two lines.

⁴ Is this a scribal error for "her yn gedayn" as in line 53?

56. Der student lieff her uß
57. Die frauwe gedaicht wie sal ich doyn
58. Mynen man zu drieggen schone
59. Sie gynck zu hant
60. Da sie die maget fant
61. Sie sprach du salt balde lauffen
62. Myr eynen jungen eßel kauffen

— 23v —

63. Da myt so frijft mir myn leben
64. Ich wil dir X pont geben
65. Die mait lieff balde
66. Drade sie eynen esel galde
67. Den schloiß sie in die kyfte hyn
68. Do moift die frauwe frolich syn
69. Do dit allet waß geschiet
70. Vnd die frunt gefaißen
71. Gedruncken vnd geaißen
72. Do wolde der selbe man
73. Etzwat heben an
74. Her sprach ir fullet gayn
75. Ich wil uch eyn dynecke sehen layn
76. Wat myne frauwe hait getane
77. Sie hait hynt eynen jn gelayn
78. Dat ist auch eyn junger man
79. Deß sie nyt geleucken^a kan
80. Daß erhort die wirtynne
81. Sie waß cloicke van synne
82. Sie sprach mach ich myt eren nyt bestain
83. So wil ich alle dyn goit layn
84. Der wirt sprach uff mynen eit
85. Dar zu byn ich bereyt
86. Wer myt recht enkan bestayn

— 24r —

87. Der sal van dem gude layn
88. Do gyngen sie gar vnuerbonden
89. Dae sie die kijften vonden
90. Her schloiß die kijfte uff by der doir
91. Der esel reckte syn muyl her vor
92. Nu horet wie her sprach
93. Do her dießen esel sach
94. Phydich du heffselliches dire
95. Hait dich der dubel gefort zu myr
96. Nu waynde ich du weres eyn man
97. Haiftu vier yfern an

^a The *eu* here is doubtless equivalent to *ü*; cf. A. van Loey, *Middelnederlandse Spraakkunst* (Groningen-Antwerpen, 1948), I, § 9, opm. 10.

98. Dat dich der dubel nyt enreit
99. Do ich dich her ynne leit
100. Der man moift van dem gude keren
101. Die frauwe behielde ir ere
102. Do ließ der man dat goit
103. Der frauwe waß hogemoit
104. Daß gefchach zu paryß
105. Da macht man affen
106. Myt felichen * schluraffen
107. Hie hait dit boich eyn ende
108. Got vnß fyne gnade sende

Amen.

The poem is concerned with the triumph of a medieval wife over her suspicious, but inept, husband at the expense of an amorous, but inept, medieval scholar. The student sallies forth in quest of adventure in the city of Paris, and soon spies a likely subject for research. While engaging in futile badinage with the beautiful young lady, he is overheard by a passing Parisienne whose husband's accomplishments pale somewhat in comparison with the promises of the young student. She invites him to visit her home during the night. The scholar accepts.

The ardent swain arrives at the rendezvous and knocks discreetly. He is received, however, by the husband who seems to have some foreknowledge of the impending gambol. The latter, impersonating the woman, lets the lover in and conceals him in a chest where he is to await the morrow. The husband returns to bed without disturbing his wife.

The irate male, full of vitriol and recrimination, arranges a banquet on the next morning during which he intends to disclose the perfidy of his mate. She, in the meantime, has released the student and substituted an ass.⁷ Her attention had been called to the plight of the frustrated lover by a bitter "May the devil have you" as she was passing the chest. Unaware of the substitution, the light-sleeping husband wines and dines his guests and promises them a revelation that will be incontrovertible proof of the cuckolding tendencies of his wife.

* Cf. van Loey, *op. cit.*, § 56, b, "*solo Brabants.*"

⁷ The student's substitute is procured by a maid who is promised ten pounds for her offices. In other versions of the same farce a local procuress and her talents are invoked: cf. Stehmann, Wilhelm, "Die Mittelhochdeutsche Novelle vom Studentenabenteurer," in *Palaestra*, LXVII (Berlin, 1909). It is felt that the involved literary relationships among the main variants of the scholar theme may be treated to greater advantage in a later paper.

A bargain is struck beforehand, however, between the two according to which the wife will leave the estate if her dishonor is established. The husband, not to be outdone, promises to leave if his accusation proves to be false. The group proceeds to the chest, uncovers the diabolic substitution and the husband must leave the field to his clever wife.

With the general observation that even such citizens of the Land of Cockaigne may be made fools of in Paris, the author closes his tale, invoking, as he does, Divine Grace.

The text is found on folios 22r-24r of the manuscript and consists of 108 lines of text, plus the final "Amen." It is preceded by the title in red: "Van dem scholer van parys," the only one of the items which is so honored. The first letter of each line, with one or two exceptions, is capitalized and also decorated with a red flourish in an attempt at rubrication. No other capitalization is apparent. There are no deletions or corrections and the hand is quite legible. No punctuation is discernible.

The *i* is dotted throughout, a double-dot being used for the *ij* combination. The latter seems to start out as a circumflex and to alternate later in the manuscript with the double-dot. The nasal bar is used to indicate a final *-m* or *-n*, e. g. *synem* 30, 32, *driegen* 58, *eren* 82, and sweeps back over the two or three preceding letters. The unetymologic doubling of consonants is restricted to the letters *f*, *l*, and *r*, e. g. *ffrauwe* 51, *verschlayffen* 52, *lauffen* 61; *heffselliches* 94; *burgerrynne* 11.⁸

The *f*-sound is indicated by *f*, *ff*, *u*, and *v*, e. g. *frauwen*, 4, *ferre*, 5, *junffr*, 7, *friesten*, 27; *wijff*, 43, *lieff*, 56, *kauffen*, 62; *suerlichen*, 17, *vnuerbonden*, 88; *van*, 2, *vonden*, 89. The *s*-sound appears as final rounded *-s*, *f*, or *ß*, e. g., *wulds*, 10, *heffselliches*, 94; *fat*, 4, *bijstu*, 21, *felichen*, 106; *waß* 1, *hieß*, 14, *vnß*, 108. The final *-n* of *hoffen*, 31, and *lonen*, 33, may be regarded as having no phonetic value, on the basis of the rhymes *synne*, 32, *mynne*, 33, and *valentynen*, 34, as well as *keren*, 100, and *ere*, 101.⁹ Assimilation of the inverted *du*

⁸For the usage in Middle Low German cf. Agathe Lasch, *Mittelniederdeutsche Grammatik* (Halle a. S., 1914), § 288; in Middle High German cf. V. Michels, *Mittelhochdeutsches Elementarbuch* (Heidelberg, 1921), § 114; and finally, for the usage in Middle-Riparian, E. Dornfeld, *Untersuchungen zu Gottfried Hagens Reimchronik der Stadt Köln* (Germanistische Abhandlungen, 40), § 108.

⁹Cf. Virgil Moser, *Historisch-grammatische Einführung in die Frühneuhochdeutschen Schrift dialecte* (Halle. a. d. S., 1909), § 215.

appears in *bijstu*, 21, and *haiftu*, 49.¹⁰ Characteristic are the *ch* spellings in *lich*, 26, and *mach*, 82, for Middle High German *g*.¹¹ There is a frequent alternation of *ch* and *h*, depending upon position, e. g. *des nachtes*, 14, and *in der naht*, 16.¹² The letters *i*, *ij*, and *y*, as in *ligen*, 8, *fwigen*, 35, *trijt*, 23, *bij*, 8, *lyße*, 23, are used interchangeably,¹³ with no apparent distinction expressed thereby.

A similar willful variation in form is shown by the scribe's use of the adjective. Strong and weak endings alternate, e. g. *in der werder stat*, 3,¹⁴ *myner loißr valentynen*, 34;¹⁵ *der selbe man*, 72, *eynen jungen eßel*, 62, and *eyme werden studenten*, 2. Adverbs may end in *-e* or *en*, e. g. *fchoyne*, 9, *stille*, 25; *fuerlichen*, 17.¹⁶

The dialect in which the text is written appears to be Middle Franconian of the 15th century. A more precise determination of dialect must await the results derived from further inspection and analysis of the larger part of the manuscript. The scribe, in the four folios under discussion, presents a confusion of dialectal and standard High German forms which are, on the one hand enlightening as to possible literary sources, and, on the other, confusing as to the provenience of the scribe himself. However, Middle Franconian are the forms: *van*, title, *wyllet*, 1, *dat*, 11, *allet*, 69, *clopte*, 17, *pont*, 64, *stont*, 47.¹⁷ There is a melange of unshifted and shifted forms throughout the text, e. g. *det*, 20, *etzwat*, 73, *hedde*, 43, *dubel*, 48,¹⁸ *dat*, 11,¹⁹ *allet*, 69; *hatte*, 19, *hette*, 44, *getane*, 76, *wijff*, 43, *heffseliches*, 94, *felichen*, 106. Lexical items of interest are: *junffr*, 7,²⁰ *galde*, 66, *hynt*, 77, *schluraffe*, 106.

As to the vocalism presented, several of the more salient points are: ²¹

¹⁰ Cf. Moser, § 109.

¹¹ Cf. Lasch, *op. cit.*, § 350.

¹² Cf. Michels, §§ 149, 213; Lasch, § 381, Anm. 3.

¹³ Cf. Johannes Franck, *Mittelniederländische Grammatik*, 2nd ed. (Leipzig, 1910), §§ 6, 59.

¹⁴ Cf. Moser, § 212.

¹⁵ Cf. Lasch, § 388 Anm. 2.

¹⁶ Cf. K. Weinhold, *Mittelhochdeutsche Grammatik*, 2. Aufl. (Paderborn, 1883), §§ 318, 321.

¹⁷ Cf. Michels, *passim*; Weinhold-Ehrismann-Moser, *Kleine Mittelhochdeutsche Grammatik*, 11. Auflage (Wien-Stuttgart, 1955), § 77.

¹⁸ For the forms *suberlich*, 7, and *suerlichen*, 17, see Lasch, § 179, and Johannes Franck, *Mittelniederländische Grammatik* (Leipzig, 1910), §§ 61, 133-3, 139.

¹⁹ Cf. Michels, § 10, Anm. 3.

²⁰ Cf. Lasch, § 338.

²¹ The point of reference used here is standard Middle High German.

is equivalent to 1. *ā*

ae “

ai “

ay “

e “

ei “

ey “

i “

y (*ij*) “

o “

oi is equivalent to

oy “

u “

uy “

a : *nam*, 15, *gemach*, 23, *man*, 24, *falt*, 61.

2. *ā* : *malen*, 10, *war*, 15, *da*, 21, *ane*, 37.

ā : *dae*, 6, *jae*, 22.

1. *ā* : *straiß*, 5, *gedaicht*, 30, *hait*, 53.

2. *ō* : *wail*, 13.

ā : *ftayn*, 28, *layn*, 29, *waynde*, 96.

1. *ē* : *det*, 20, *her*, 26, *geben*, 41, *ferre*, 5.

2. *e* : *rede*, 13, *bedde*, 44, *schende*, 48.

3. *ē* : *keren*, 100.

4. *æ* : *mere*, 19, *weres*, 96.

1. *ei* : *eit*, 84.

2. *ie* : *leit*, 99.²²

ei : *eyme*, 2, *bereyt*, 85.

1. *i* : *ligen*, 36 (cf. rhyme with *swigen*, 35),
 stille, 25, *trit*, 25.

2. *i* : *swigen*, 35.

1. *i* : *paryß*, title, *wyllet*, 1, *fyme*, 30,
 kijsten, 26, *bijftu*, 21.

2. *i* : *bij*, 8, *lyße*, 23, *dyn*, 25, *malezijt*, 41.

1. *ō* : *wol*, 12.

2. *ō* : *lonen*, 33, *verhort*, 11.

3. *æ* : *horen*, 1, *schone*, 6.

4. *ū* : *stont*, 47, *pont*, 64, *vonden*, 85.

5. *uo* : *gefort*, 95.

1. *ō* : *moicht*, 8,²³ *vernomen*, 13, *komen*, 14.

2. *uo* : *moide*, 30, *goide*, 31, *moist*, 68, *cloicke*, 81.

ō : *schoyne*, 9.

1. *ū* : *fullet*, 74.

2. *ū* : *suuerlichen*, 17.

3. *iu* : *uch*, 8, *truwen*, 9, *frunt*, 38.

4. *uo* : *gude*, 100.

1. *ū* : *muyt*, 91.

2. *iu* : *nuyt*, 10.

Finally, the text before us, written in rhymed iambic couplets for the greater part, shows many irregularities, both in meter and rhyme. The rhyme of ll. 7 and 8 is not exemplary: *suberlich* : *ligen*. Lines 45-48 are completely lacking in any semblance of a rhyme: *mere* : *hyn*—*stont* : *schende*. Line 69 stands alone in grand isolation

²² *ei* = *ie* in a closed syllable, the *i* being the “graphic” *i* used to indicate a long vowel; this assuming that we are dealing here with the past tense of the verb *lan*., cf. Ernst Dornfeld, § 43. For a short discussion of the “graphic” *i* as typically Middle Franconian see Weinhold-Ehrismann-Moser, §§ 3, 33, 35, 37, 39.

²³ Cf. Moser, § 219.

as to the rhyming element *geschiet*, as does *paryß* in line 104. All in all, the farce reflects the essentially eclectic nature of the literary activity of the time in its meter, limping occasionally in a prosy fashion, and in the amalgamation of the scholar and the deceived husband motives into one, under the misleading title "*Van dem scholer van paryß*."

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RICHARD C. CLARK

REVIEWS

William Shakespeare, *King Henry VIII*, ed. R. A. Foakes (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard Univ. Press, 1957. lxx + 215 pp. The Arden Shakespeare. \$3.85). THE present edition of *Henry VIII*, by R. A. Foakes, constitutes a thorough reworking of text and commentary with a new introduction which, in its scope and thoroughness, goes far beyond the rather modest limits of the introduction to the earlier Arden edition by Knox Pooler (1915; 2nd ed., revised, 1936) and interprets the play from a very different point of view; only the appendix of extracts from Holinshed and Foxe, together with some parts of Pooler's commentary, duly acknowledged, remain to remind us of the earlier editor's work. Pooler's edition was committed to the hypothesis that about two-thirds of *Henry VIII* was the work of John Fletcher; most of his introduction was devoted to an endeavor to substantiate this argument and a large part of his commentary to adducing parallel passages from the Beaumont and Fletcher plays in support of it. Since Mr. Foakes argues, conclusively, in this writer's view, that the case for Fletcher's involvement is not proved and that all the probabilities favor the attribution of the play to Shakespeare alone, it may readily be seen why his edition departs so widely from that of his predecessor in the same series.

Mr. Foakes's edition offers a fresh collation of the First Folio text, our only authority for this play; and he shows that, in the present state of knowledge concerning the text of Shakespeare, the textual evidence for this play, which was probably printed from a fair scribal copy, affords no adequate basis for arguing claims of authorship. The

grounds which have been adduced for considering the play a work of the joint authorship of Shakespeare and Fletcher are then fairly summarized, from the first argument of Spedding to the most recent findings. The critical points are made that these arguments are all based upon internal evidence which, in so doubtful a case as that of the authorship of *Henry VIII*, is never in itself conclusive; that the statistical studies of the style of the play are based upon the doubtful assumption that Shakespeare's stylistic practice, at any given time, tended to uniformity with regard to light endings, certain linguistic usages, and so on, whereas the fact seems to be that it could alter unpredictably in these and other respects according to the decorum of situation, the needs of characterization, and a host of other variables; finally, that most of the supporters of the case for divided authorship sooner or later betray the conviction that *Henry VIII* is a poor play, compared with most of Shakespeare's other works, and that its inferiority is best explained as the result of the authors' divergent methods and divided purposes—thus revealing a common basis for the arguments of divided authorship in a *petitio principii*.

Against these highly conjectural or partial views of the play, the present editor marshalls several arguments, of varying weight; but, taken together, they contain a balance of conviction. (1) There is no reason to doubt the good faith of the First Folio editors' statement that they have presented Shakespeare's plays "absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them"; they included *Henry VIII* but excluded *Cardenio* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, for which there is external evidence of joint authorship, whereas no early ascription of any part of *Henry VIII* to Fletcher exists. (2) The use made of sources suggests a single author; if two authors wrote the play, they read the same parts of Holinshed and Foxe, in widely scattered places, and with strangely similar attention to detail; moreover, the use made of the sources suggests Shakespeare's methods of workmanship whereas it finds no precedent elsewhere in Fletcher's plays: when Fletcher used Holinshed in writing *Bonduca*, he made no literal borrowings, of which there are many in *Henry VIII* as in other plays of Shakespeare based upon Holinshed and Plutarch. This is perhaps the strongest single argument, besides the testimony of Heminges and Condell, for Shakespeare's sole authorship of *Henry VIII*. (3) The play shows a greater organic unity than has been allowed by the disintegrators of Shakespeare; the spread of thematic materials, like the spread of stylistic peculiarities, cuts across any of the proposed assignments of

parts of the play to two authors, as has been strongly urged by Professor Peter Alexander; in particular, the structure of imagery cuts across the proposed division of authorship and suggests the work of a single mind. (4) Finally—and this part of the argument is the present editor's special contribution—"perhaps . . . what points most strongly to Shakespeare is the similarity in compassionate tone and outlook between *Henry VIII* and the other late plays. The spirit of Fletcher's known work is completely alien to this . . ." (p. xxv). All of these points, and particularly the last, are argued and supported at length in the latter half of the introduction and we are spared any further attention to the tenuous case for Fletcher's participation. We may be particularly grateful for the absence of the customary laborious, and always inconclusive, citations of parallel passages. Though Mr. Foakes presses the resemblances between *Henry VIII* and the other late plays of Shakespeare as far as this particular argument can reasonably be carried, or a little farther, and unnecessarily minimizes what *Henry VIII* has in common with the earlier histories—and in the use made of sources, at least, as well as in many parts of the conduct of the action, *Henry VIII* has a great deal in common with them—nevertheless, in this writer's opinion, he has given us much the best edition of the play that we have yet had, and the most thoroughly judicious treatment of the question of authorship. It may be hoped that this edition will lay the ghost of Fletcher in *Henry VIII* and that there will henceforth be more general agreement in assigning the play wholly to Shakespeare.

University of Toronto

HAROLD S. WILSON

Harold S. Wilson, *On the Design of Shakespearian Tragedy* (Toronto: Univ. of Toronto Press, 1957. 256 pp. \$5.00). THE weakness and the strength of Harold S. Wilson's study are indicated in the list of contents and the introductory chapter. These suggest that the author is about to fit ten plays into a neat scheme of his own, dividing them into tragedies which "make overt reference to a Christian scheme of things," or "The Order of Faith," and tragedies which avoid such reference, or "The Order of Nature." Within these categories are subdivisions headed "Thesis" and "Antithesis," which are resolved in the "Synthesis" of what Mr. Wilson regards as the greatest tragedies, *Antony and Cleopatra* and *King Lear*. Such a scheme is likely

to strike many readers with alarm, and to rouse in their minds all sorts of immediate objections. For a division between Christian tragedies (*Romeo, Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth*) and non-Christian (*Caesar, Coriolanus, Troilus and Cressida, Timon*; the final synthesizing two, *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Lear*, also belong to this group) cuts across chronology, includes in the pattern one play usually thought of as a comedy, and seems arbitrary in the sense that all these plays are written in the Christian context of Shakespeare's mind and world, and that the hero's predicament in all of them is a human, not a religious one. So when Mr. Wilson claims that Shakespeare "achieves his greatest success in the second group," we may well think the distinction a rather pointless one—especially if we remember that *Lear*, though lacking an overt Christian frame of reference, is in some ways more Christian than the others. Are we, for instance, to ignore the use of ideas like sin, Edgar's concern with the "foul fiend," or the conception of Cordelia involved in lines like

There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes?
(IV. iii. 29-30)

At the same time Mr. Wilson's scheme has the merit of juxtaposing plays not often paired, and of drawing out some illuminating criticism from contrasts and comparisons between them. *Hamlet*, for instance, is seen as a subtler version of a tragic conception displayed in *Romeo and Juliet*, both plays presenting a family feud in which the antagonists blindly strive, unable to direct the outcome of events. The soliloquies of Hamlet then become reflections not of his "procrastination, but his bafflement and melancholy as he labours under a mistaken notion of the role he is destined to fulfil." The comparison of *Othello* and *Macbeth* as both controlled by Christian assumptions, both exhibiting a hero whom we feel to be damned, and both typifying the "Christian view" which "permits no reconciliation with the central fact of human guilt," is also revealing. These four plays are seen as completing Shakespeare's attempt to write tragedy in a Christian context, with its positive values residing in "a divine ordering of events"; the ultimate resolution of this lies beyond the "scope of tragedy, and pertains to the affirmations of the Christian faith."

From these Mr. Wilson moves on to link *Caesar* and *Coriolanus* as the most detached of Shakespeare's tragedies, showing the "necessary and certain operation of moral law" as in the nature of things; in

each the responsibility for the tragic catastrophe is spread among many; none are blameless, none wholly evil. Our sympathies are not deeply engaged, and these plays seem to "approach the line which separates tragedy from satire, and pause just short of it." *Troilus and Cressida* and *Timon* are seen as tragedies which cross that line and emerge in a prevailing mood of "ironic amusement, anger or disgust," representing a limit "beyond which tragic denial cannot go." This is succeeded by a more comprehensive tragic vision which reconciles in a triumphant affirmation both the detachment or disgust revealed in these plays, and the emphasis on guilt and human responsibility in the 'Christian' tragedies. The reconciling factor is human love, embodied in the relationship of Antony and Cleopatra, whose loss seems "trifling in comparison with what they gain," and in the "ennoblement" of Lear as he is reunited with Cordelia.

Mr. Wilson's book will deservedly be read for its useful comparisons, its alertness to connections between plays, its frequent critical perceptiveness, its treatment of *Antony and Cleopatra* as a play of full tragic stature, and its interesting insights into the nature of difficult plays like *Caesar* and *Troilus and Cressida*. But it is not a central work of criticism on Shakespeare's tragedies; its ways of describing the plays are more often ingenious than accurate, and it will act as a stimulant rather than as a guide. For this Mr. Wilson's schematization must be blamed; one's initial alarm is never quite dissipated, and though the design he sees has some truth in it, and is a means of revealing much about the plays, it is finally unacceptable. It involves him in over-simplification; he denies to *Hamlet*, *Othello* or *Macbeth* the highest reaches of tragedy, an effect of "triumphant affirmation," but dismisses or minimizes the compensating movements of these plays, the defeat of evil in them, the sense these convey that, as Mr. Wilson says of *Lear*, "the value of human life is vindicated." Similarly, he avoids drawing attention to the ambiguity of the affirmations in *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Lear* by treating Octavius and the political situation in the former play as unimportant, and by stressing the grandeur of Lear rather than the death of Cordelia in the latter. And it is a design which compels a sad strait-jacketing of some plays, forcing Mr. Wilson for example into arguing that *Hamlet* engages "our deepest interest but not our deepest feelings," as if it were a play concerned with the operations of providence and not with the Prince; and into claiming that in *Coriolanus* the final remorse of Aufidius and his praise of the hero are the concluding strokes of a

hypocritical politician—who elsewhere, incidentally, appears as a “simple and primitive fighting man.”

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R. A. FOAKES

William Blake, *Vala*, ed. H. M. Margoliouth (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1956. xxvii + 181 + VIII (plates) pp. \$6.75). NO work of Blake's poses more textual and critical problems than his long poem in nine “Nights,” *Vala*, later called *The Four Zoas*, which he worked on for a number of years and never published. The earlier parts of the poem, so far as they can be disentangled from the mass of later interlineations and additions in the MS, seem closer to the Lambeth prophecies of the early nineties; and the later ones, which concentrate more on the “Four Zoas” of Blake's elaborated myth, seem closer to *Milton* and *Jerusalem*. Many of the problems in studying the poem arise from Blake's never having brought the layers of his poem together.

The two standard published texts of the poem, those of Sloss and Wallis and of Keynes, print the whole MS, with notes or italics to indicate changes from an apparently clear basic draft. What Mr. Margoliouth has attempted in this book is a reconstruction of the original *Vala*, by stripping off the layers of later additions. As he is aware, such a reconstruction “cannot be completely achieved because most of the erasures cannot be read and because Blake never made a final numbering of the Nights nor a final ordering of the poem as a whole. . . .” Nevertheless, because Blake “came very near to making an ordering” of the Nights, and because he numbered the lines of basic drafts of the various Nights in ink, Margoliouth believes that a reconstruction of the original poem is “reasonably possible.”

The resulting text is a plausible reconstruction. The *Vala* given us by Mr. Margoliouth is indeed a “consistent and coherent poem,” or at least one that is more so than *The Four Zoas*. And if we could be certain that Blake numbered the lines of his various Nights all at one time, or numbered them with the idea that the numbered lines formed a poem that was in some sense complete, we could perhaps accept this edition as definitive. We cannot be entirely certain, however, what Blake's numbering means. At some stage—or stages—of his work on the poem he numbered the lines; it is impossible to tell when. He may have done it all at once. On the other hand,

from the evidence in the MS, we cannot be entirely sure in some cases that he had not gone quite far with the revision of a given Night before he wrote, let alone numbered, another. Mr. Margoliouth's own suggestion that most of the poem was written as late as the Felpham sojourn strengthens this possibility.

Moreover, though the numbered text forms the basis of Margoliouth's edition, he has not himself relied completely on it. He has removed from *Vala* Nights I and VIII, though both of them are numbered in the same way as the Nights that have been retained. Night I was removed partly on "Blake's own hesitating authority" in his never having labeled the usual Night II (with which Mr. Margoliouth begins *Vala*) anything else than "Night the First"—though at some point he erased "the First"—and partly on the critical evidence that the reader is shown "at once what the poem is about" if it begins with the second Night. Night VIII was removed because its symbolism, as well as its political allusions (discovered by Erdman), shows it to be late work, and because Night IX "quite satisfactorily follows" the second version, or part, of Night VII. Both of the excluded Nights, as well as an alternate beginning for Night IX, are given in the appendix, so we do have "Blake's Numbered Text" complete. And the difficulties that must be overcome in making such a bold editorial rearrangement—a portion of Night I, for instance, is certainly earlier work than Nights III ff.—are fully discussed in the introduction and notes. But the unwary or lazy reader, who does not examine the critical apparatus, may be led to attribute to this text more authority than it has.

Despite the reservations with which we must use *Vala*, this book is a worthy addition to Blake scholarship. Mr. Margoliouth has done everything possible to get an accurate transcript of the portion of the MS he has reproduced, and he has wisely preserved even Blake's unusual spelling and punctuation—or lack of it. In the notes, he has given us the fullest description we have of the MS. And in his introduction he has shown quite convincingly that *Vala* was not written as early as has been supposed, though he was not able to date the composition exactly. He has also given good grounds for believing that Blake did not, as is usually thought, abandon the poem to use it merely as a quarry for other works; he quite plausibly suggests that Blake indeed is "just as likely to have made an addition to *Vala* from *Milton* as vice versa." Thus a number of critical questions must be re-opened.

Mr. Margoliouth intends that his book be used with the complete texts of the MS as given by Sloss and Wallis and by Keynes. Used with these editions—and in the light of the difficulties not entirely overcome—this carefully edited text should give us, for the study of this poem at least, some of the advantages that we have enjoyed for the study of *The Prelude* in having de Selincourt's edition. For convenience and clarity, one could wish that something like de Selincourt's format had been used, with a complete transcript of the MS accompanying the present *Vala*; for then not only would this book have been complete in itself, but we would have been spared having to follow different systems of line numbering and critical apparatus. But in these days of high printing costs, such a wish is very likely an idle one.

Kent State University

MARTIN K. NURMI

Charles Child Walcutt, *American Literary Naturalism, A Divided Stream* (Minneapolis: Univ. of Minnesota Press, 1956. xii + 332 pp. \$5.00).

ANYONE who has tried to give meaning to American literary history or to provide a context for the development of American fiction since *A Modern Instance* has not only encountered the term *naturalism* but also struggled to define it in a useful way. It is at least as slippery as *realism*. Sometimes invoked to describe a pessimistic point of view, it is at other times used to describe an optimistic one. Science may, on the one hand, show man that he is helpless, hence that efforts to better himself are futile; on the other hand, it may encourage him to believe that by understanding his world more fully he can control nature and improve his lot. Clearly, a word with mutually annihilating definitions is a stubborn element in generalizations. Yet naturalism as a term refuses to be annihilated; and for some years Professor Walcutt has been among those trying to make sense out of it. His special contribution is that he subdues the word by finding a way to absorb all the contradictions and put them in their place.

American Literary Naturalism, a Divided Stream is intended to "describe the body of theory that is designated by the term naturalistic; and . . . [to] show in some detail what this body of theory does to novels in which it appears." According to Walcutt, naturalism in the United States is the offspring of transcendentalism, which in the late 19th century became a divided stream. Originally asserting both

the value of intuition in discovering mind's affiliation with Spirit and the value of scientific investigation in mastering nature, transcendentalism eventually split into separate approaches to experience: the intuitive producing idealism, progressivism, and social radicalism; the scientific producing mechanistic determinism. But because each approach retained an element of the other, there remained a simultaneous optimistic defiance of nature and pessimistic subjection to it creating tensions out of which the problem of naturalistic fiction emerged. The writer's moral frame of reference tended to be idealistic; his form scientific.

Walcutt is a bit sketchy in establishing his assumptions. He moves with grand rapidity from the middle ages to Emerson and from Emerson to the problem of the recent novelist—and never a word in between concerning such thinkers as John Fiske, William Graham Sumner, and Andrew D. White, who had to confront the very dividing of the stream. But if Walcutt's introduction can be regarded as simply a definition of his starting point and disregarded as detailed argument, it has its acceptable use; for whatever one may say of Emerson or Fiske, the novelist's predicament remains unchanged: his logic is reared from the premises of science, and his feelings are irrational and imply a hope for the being whose reasoning processes can lead to despair. Indeed, if one will grant that the value of a study like the present one lies in the extent to which it produces insights, rather than in the extent to which it exhausts its subject, one can say that the book is a good one.

Walcutt recognizes at the outset that naturalistic theory involves extra-literary modes of thought and that from decade to decade its shape and substance have changed; but, instead of discarding the term, he acutely seizes upon its inconstancy to account for some of the virtues and vices in many of the writers conventionally associated with the naturalistic tradition. After an illuminating chapter about Zola's theory, practice, and influence, he shows Harold Frederic and Hamlin Garland caught between the theory they bring to their subjects and the pull the subjects exert away from the theory into something autonomous. He establishes with singular success the relationship between Stephen Crane's so-called impressionism and naturalism generally, making an arresting case for Crane's control of his material. He links the familiar contradictions of Jack London's fiction to the divergent streams and gives us a deeper understanding of their significance than Kenneth Lynn could in his more crackling *The Dream of Success*. And he gives us a systematic account of Frank

Norris's theories and their relation to his work that has long been needed. In addition, he traces Dreiser's career through what he persuasively marks as four stages, gives Sherwood Anderson a praiseworthy position as Crane's successor, and among comments on more recent novelists, analyzes incisively some of the troubles and triumphs of Farrell, Steinbeck, and Hemingway.

Some readers will question the devoting of an entire chapter to Winston Churchill's romantic failings when only a paragraph here or footnote there is vouchsafed to Joseph Kirkland, H. H. Boyeson, and Henry Blake Fuller, and no mention is made of David Graham Phillips or Robert Herrick. Other readers will certainly feel that Walcutt has been too severe with *The Damnation of Theron Ware* and *The Bulwark*, too adulatory of Crane in general and *Maggie* in particular, too blind to obvious weaknesses when he calls *For Whom the Bell Tolls* "the most explicit, sustained, and triumphant reunion of its divided stream that American naturalism has seen." But such disagreements—and occasions for others might be listed—involve matters of scope and judgment that are more than counterbalanced by perceptive critical analyses of such works as *The Red Badge of Courage* and *Winesburg, Ohio* and that in any event are less important than the controlling concept of the book as a whole, a concept that enables Walcutt to define naturalism and spell out its significance in American literature more satisfactorily than has been done before.

Cornell University

ROBERT H. ELIAS

Henry Wasser, *The Scientific Thought of Henry Adams* (Thessaloniki: N. Nicolaïdes, 1956. 127 pp.). THIS monograph covers essentially the material of Dr. Wasser's Columbia University dissertation, only without benefit of bibliography or index—serious omissions in what purports to be scholarly work. Besides a short introduction, there are four divisions: a section on "Scientific attitude and philosophy"; one on "Evolution and Society"; another on "Science and the Middle Years"; and a final section, "Energetics and Society." A twelve-page Appendix contains marginalia written by Adams in some of the works he read in the fields of philosophy and science.

Professor Wasser's method consists of continuous paraphrase of *The Education*, *Mont-Saint Michel and Chartres*, and particularly of "A Letter to American Teachers of History" and "The Rule of

Phase applied to History" published in *The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma*. This paraphrase he intersperses with comments drawn from the *Letters* of Henry Adams, and from outside sources concerned with philosophy and scientific method. Actually, the materials discussed in the last section of the monograph—Adams's original version of the "Rule of Phase" and Bumstead's typed manuscript of corrections of the same, as well as Bumstead's letters to Ford and to Franklin Jameson concerning these matters—have already been treated more adequately by Dr. William H. Jordy in his *Henry Adams: Scientific Historian* (Yale, 1952). But Mr. Wasser cavalierly ignores all prior scholarship concerning Henry Adams and Science. In the Appendix, he strings together Adams's marginalia by such obvious connectives as: "in reading," "there are also," "in addition to." (In his zeal, Mr. Wasser reprints the "Dear me" rhymes as if they had not appeared before.) Since marginalia suggest a dialogue between the reader (in this case Adams) and the author upon whose text he thus comments, nothing but the full context in which such dialogue takes place can contribute to knowledge. In dealing with this problem, Wasser might have benefited from the method employed by Zoltan Haraszti in his *John Adams and the Prophets of Progress*.

Many Adams enthusiasts have occasionally been misled by the Historian's tongue-in-cheek rhetoric, which they in turn try to ape. Thus, Mr. Wasser says: "Adams, with ironic glance toward Poincaré held that convenience was truth" (p. 27). Neither Poincaré nor Adams held any such thing. All Poincaré says is that hypothesis is a convenient tool in scientific procedure. Again, in leaning on Philipp Frank, Wasser goes astray in the belief that Adams was possibly the first American thinker to perceive similarity between Saint Thomas and modern science with respect to method and reasoning. Certainly Charles S. Peirce's awareness of the wider relationship between Science and Scholasticism outranks Adams in importance. The philosophy of Energy hardly offered Adams the easy resolution of the Unity vs. Multiplicity dilemma that Dr. Wasser suggests. Indeed, that philosophy, we submit, reinforced the dilemma; for the laws of thermodynamics scarcely spell out a clear-cut case of Monism or Pluralism.

We find some curious errors. It was in 1875, not in 1879, that Adams negotiated with Simon Newcomb for an article on Abstract Science in America for the *North American Review*. The year of the private printing of the *Education* could not possibly have been 1905, for on December 19, 1906 Adams wrote to Brooks about "the almost

finished *Education*," and copies were not sent out before the early part of 1907. *Esther* is said to have been published in "the same year that he [Adams] had written his letter to William James" (p. 50). The letter from which Wasser quotes is dated July 27, 1882; *Esther* was published in March 1884. The author of *La Conservation de l'Énergie* is Balfour Stewart, not Stewart Balfour (p. 121).

There is no concluding chapter in which something might have been said (on the basis of the materials before us) about the tendency of Adams's thought with respect to epistemologic monism. Such a chapter might also have enlightened us on Adams's ultimate attitude towards the pervasive dualism of all the schools—scholastic, Cartesian, Kantian and neo-Kantian. We are left in a state of quandary and with an irrespressible suspicion that Adams's grasp of science was tenuous and tangential. The "great generalization which would finish one's clamor to be educated" (*Education*, 224) remained a dream, and the dream still awaits the interpreter.

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MAX I. BAYM

Harry Modean Campbell and Ruell Foster, *Elizabethan Madox Roberts, American Novelist* (Norman: Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1956. xvi + 283 pp. \$3.75). DESPITE the success of *The Time of Man* (1925) and *The Great Meadow* (1930), Elizabeth Madox Roberts has since her death in 1941 been generally neglected. Studies of twentieth-century American literature mention her at best briefly. The authors of this first full-length study of her work suggest that critics have preferred "more sensational writers." One major cause for neglect is also perhaps her greatest strength—her timelessness. She fits into no neat schemes of the development of American literature; she rebelled against neither life in America nor literary tradition. A careful craftsman and conscious stylist, she produced seven novels, two volumes of short stories and two of poems between 1922 and 1941. In her private papers, which Professors Campbell and Foster have used extensively, she says: "Two ways seem always open to me . . . the way of satire [and] the way of symbolism working through poetic realism." In five of her novels she chose the latter way.

Though her finest works have universal implications, her subject matter was the present or the "visitable past" of her native Kentucky. Only in *The Great Meadow* did she go back in time to the Kentucky

of the pioneers. Elizabeth Madox Roberts saw her native region with both love and insight. Her vision of reality is poetic but not glamorized. The violent rural South of current myth was not hers, but ugliness is a part of her world. Critics unfamiliar with Kentucky have often called her characters "hill people." Campbell and Foster correctly identify them as simple tenant farmers in "rich rolling farmland."

The authors (who recently collaborated in another study, on Faulkner), have attempted both biography and criticism. The latter is considerably the more successful. The relatively uneventful life described aids little in understanding either the novels or Miss Roberts' probably complex personality. Furthermore there is a good deal of overlapping between biographical and critical sections. (There is also unnecessary repetition within the critical chapters.)

The style of the book is never impressive, but it is least so in the biography. The omniscient-author technique, doubtless employed to emphasize their familiarity with Miss Roberts' Kentucky, seems intrusive, sometimes even coy. In the critical section the more impersonal style is at least unobtrusive. Fortunately, the novelty of the subject, the lack of previous criticism, gives the book a certain air of freshness.

Chapters II and III, "The Relationship Between Earth and the Human Spirit in the Fictional World" and "Poetic Realism in the Fictional World of Elizabeth Madox Roberts," together with Chapter IV on *The Time of Man* and *The Great Meadow*, comprise the most valuable part of the book. Here the authors make good use of Miss Roberts' private papers in presenting her major concerns: the interaction of man and nature; her Berkleian conception of spirit and matter; and finally her poetic realism, her use of symbols to embody the theme of "the primacy of the human spirit." They analyze her two best novels almost wholly in these terms, and the analysis sheds considerable light. Such concentration, however, does not permit much adverse criticism. Throughout their study they stress the "musical" aspect of Miss Roberts' novels. (She herself called the form of one "symphonic.") Their comments, however, are somewhat confusing, for they apply the word "musical" to form, sound, and imagery, without ever making essential distinctions.

In Chapters V-VIII the authors apply their criteria to Miss Roberts' remaining works. If the intention is to arouse interest, these chapters largely fail, except possibly that on the short stories. The authors wisely do not over-praise the other novels, but they seem more intent

upon noticing the weaknesses than on pointing out the genuine virtues. A reason for Miss Roberts' decline in reputation which this study only suggests is that her last novels were her weakest and her first novel was her best. Never again did she succeed so completely as in *The Time of Man* in making the reader share a character's consciousness. Campbell and Foster hint that Ellen Chesser represents the author's ideal vision of herself, in her physical and moral strength, her stoical yet triumphant individuality. Miss Roberts' childhood play-name, Eleanor, and the name of her home, Elenores, suggest a conscious connection.

The Time of Man, however, is not dream-fantasy. Its poetry rests upon a solid foundation of understanding and observation. Whether this novel and the slightly less impressive *The Great Meadow* can insure Elizabeth Madox Roberts a lasting place among American novelists remains questionable. Campbell and Foster attempt no startling upsets of critical opinion. They seek rather to turn attention back to an author whose major works were once admired but who has been increasingly and undeservedly neglected. Her two major novels alone make Miss Roberts a significant literary figure. *The Time of Man* and *The Great Meadow* are as good now as when they were written. By making this clear and by demonstrating the chief grounds of their excellence Professors Campbell and Foster have performed a worthwhile service.

Agnes Scott College

MARY L. RION

Arthur M. Wilson, *Diderot: The Testing Years* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1957. ix + 417 pp. \$10.50). THE first volume of Professor Wilson's biography of Diderot, which was deservedly awarded the Oxford-MLA prize, is an impressive work. What Dr. Wilson has done, with great courage and persistence, is to start over from scratch, hunt down every available source—manuscript or printed—verify each and every assertion of previous writers, add new facts, and, out of all this, produce the first half of a biography that will receive universal acclaim.

It is the reviewer's task to set forth criticisms and disagreements, even when a book wins his admiration. From the viewpoint of the scholar, one regrets that the treatment of Diderot's thought, though adequate and almost always accurate, is not profound or at all original. Partly, this may be because Dr. Wilson has made only the most

nominal attempt to relate Diderot to the intellectual background of his time, so that he seems to stand almost in isolation. It is also because Dr. Wilson has apparently decided to stay on the safe side that there is little depth or vigor of philosophical criticism. These faults are obvious, for instance, in the discussion of the letter to Landois. The 'debunking' of virtue (p. 250), that is, its reduction to self-interest, was no longer 'extraordinary' in 1756! Nor does Diderot mean that 'virtue is the pursuit of happiness,' but that to pursue virtue is also to pursue happiness. The ensuing discussion of free will completely confuses that concept with 'freedom of indifference,' which most adherents of freedom, from Leibniz on, distinguished from it and rejected. The entire argument of Diderot, in fact, had no originality. Nor does the author see that the deepest sense of Diderot's words is to deprive the mind or will of an active or creative power—this being one of the foci of the eighteenth century debate. Further, the judgment of 'moral conduct' purely from the viewpoint of results is not a 'moral' judgment; and Dr. Wilson's own quotation (bottom p. 251) reveals that Diderot understood this. 'Choice,' which Dr. Wilson asserts that Diderot still gives to man, has no meaning, in the context, other than 'hesitation' or 'deliberation.' To go beyond this, it seems to me that Dr. Wilson's attitude toward Diderot's writings tends one-sidedly to praise and adulation. There is, for instance, no criticism of his failure to grasp the relation of mathematics to the nature and evolution of the physical sciences, or of the natural sciences in general (pp. 192-3). And one leaves the discussion of Diderot's feeble *dramas* with the impression that they are masterpieces of the theatre.¹

¹ I can only indicate briefly several other criticisms of this kind. Natural religion is not reason in the sense of ratiocination (p. 60). The idea that Diderot is already thinking of transformism, even 'foreshadowing Darwinism' in the *Lettre sur les aveugles* (p. 98) is erroneous. It is misleading to say that Rousseau believed that 'Whatever is, is wrong' (p. 114). 'Emblematic' and 'symbolical' are not the same thing (p. 123). That Diderot was 'very close' to a materialistic philosophy is an understatement (p. 196). The ideas developed on p. 202 were not exclusively those of the *Encyclopédie*. (In general, Dr. Wilson does not distinguish critically the ideas of the *Encyclopédie*, their originality, their diffusion and their influence; but perhaps this will come in the second volume.) The 'daring' of Diderot's writings on the mind is not that he held mind-body to be related, but rather identical (pp. 148-9). I do not think Rousseau expected men ever to get back to the spirit of the state of nature (p. 181)—quite the contrary. The distinction between Cartesian reason as a treasury of ideas and eighteenth-century reason as a process is a generalization of dubious value or meaning (pp. 191-2). Montesquieu's idea of 'general will,' and probably Diderot's, too, was not close to that of Rousseau (p. 233-4). The discussion of Diderot's ideas on taste in the *Discours sur la poésie dramatique* is not related by the author to the earlier

Dr. Wilson informs us that he has written for the 'general reader' as well as for the specialist. I should imagine that few, other than eighteenth century scholars, will devour the seven or eight hundred heavily laden pages (not counting perhaps a quarter as much again of notes) that the two volumes apparently will contain. The total price (about \$21) would not be an added incentive. For the 'general reader,' there is, I think, a surfeit of details, which are not always treated in proportion to their intrinsic interest. With the constant aim of completeness, the weighing of all evidence, and the emphasis on new data, no matter how minor, the book is rather heavy going. The pace is slow, and especially quite uniform, without relief. The human interest, color and drama of such episodes of Diderot's life as his courtship, his imprisonment, his friendship with Grimm, and his love affair with Sophie Volland are very attenuated, as one is ever conscious of the historian, chronicling the facts and the evidence. These form, as it were, a kind of curtain, behind which Diderot's personality recedes, and at times seems lost. This effect is abetted by the obvious resolution to minimize the anecdotal (so that the subject is often described instead of being allowed to reveal himself), and by the very guarded handling (in the Anglo-Saxon tradition of 'good taste') of the Rabelaisian and the sexual sides of Diderot's personality. At any rate, Diderot the man doesn't quite congeal or come to life; we can't quite touch him. From this general criticism I except the brilliant relation of the quarrel with Rousseau and of Diderot's suffering during the years 1757-1759.²

analysis of 'Du Beau.' However, the treatment of Diderot's dramatic theories is the strongest of these chapters, as that of the *Lettre sur les aveugles* is the weakest.

² Dr. Wilson's style is lucid, studded with striking phrases. He has, however, some fondness for pedantic or unusual words, e.g. 'divagations,' 'sensistic,' 'descanted,' 'progenitiveness,' 'subjectiveness,' 'recontinued' (for 'continued,' p. 161), etc. The translations, '*The Father of a Family*' and '*James the Fatalist*' are a bit bizarre, as are the unexpected references to Mr. Guppy (p. 134), Dorothy Parker (p. 229), Mendès-France (p. 232) and James I (p. 297).

Some further comments follow, *seriatim*.

I doubt that Diderot was considering theology as late as 1741; his statement should not be taken as chronologically accurate, but as synoptic (p. 34). Diderot's promise to enter orders (p. 35) is perhaps taken too seriously also. Could the 'P.' of 'P. D. Diderot' (p. 48) stand for 'Père'? The passages of the *Bijoux indiscrets* (p. 54) do not 'come close to surpassing in pornography anything else that has appeared in print'—not even in the eighteenth century! Why not mention the name of d'Alembert's mother (p. 68), and of the 'lady' in Diderot's letter (p. 88)? The usual incorrect translation of the opening line of the *Contrat social* is repeated (p. 114). There is at least an apparent contradiction between the statement that de Prades' judges did not read his thesis (p. 155) and the statement that he was given a

The merits of this biography are so striking that one almost feels it an injustice to enumerate these points of disagreement or criticism. The magnitude and the thoroughness of Dr. Wilson's investigations, the judiciousness of their evaluation, are impressive to the highest degree. In this regard, his book may properly be considered a model, or a classic example, for biographers. The results of his investigations are, in the first place, the uncovering of many new facts. While no single one of these is of major importance, the sum total is definitely of importance. There is almost no episode of Diderot's life which does not receive new illumination, either in its development or in its background, often in both. If one must single out the phase in which Dr. Wilson's contribution is greatest, it is doubtless in the history of the *Encyclopédie*, and in the thorough description of its contents. The non-specialist may find much of this heavy going, and perhaps even sigh with relief on encountering the sentence, 'Documentary evidence of the minutiae of this . . . work has practically all disappeared' (p. 83). But the scholar will read these pages with fascination. In the second place, what was already known about Diderot is placed on a sound basis, reaffirmed with impeccable accuracy and unrivalled completeness. Finally, putting the new and the old together, Dr. Wilson has constructed a work of monumental proportions and historical skill.

We now await impatiently the completion of this biography. It will certainly be the most thorough and authoritative life of Diderot in any language, and it is safe to predict that it will remain so into the far distant future. I take personal pleasure in congratulating Dr. Wilson on his remarkable achievement.

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LESTER G. CROCKER

searching examination on it (p. 158). There is an important distinction, not made here, between Voltaire's and Diderot's attitudes toward Jews (pp. 236-7). A large part of the encyclopedists' resentment toward Rousseau was due to the shock of realizing that he took his paradox seriously and really intended to live it (cf. p. 255). Dr. Wilson follows F. C. Green in a somewhat naïve underestimation of Thérèse Levasseur. It is not clear what 'apology' of Rousseau is referred to (p. 298). In the Rousseau affair, Dr. Wilson (like all other biographers) perhaps underestimates the importance of Grimm's ascendancy over Diderot; at the very least, it gave Diderot an unconscious prejudice (that Rousseau was wrong) and put him in the position of acting for Grimm rather than for Jean-Jacques (p. 300-302). I believe Dr. Wilson to be mistaken in his charitable condoning of Diderot's revelation of Rousseau's love (*ibid.*). The end of the affair with Mme de Puisieux is not indicated. While it is quite correct to say that there is no evidence for Corneille's influence on Diderot (p. 386), the latter was a close student of Corneille and Racine (p. 326). Finally, Dr. Wilson is in general inclined to be too indulgent towards Diderot's character (e.g. p. 328).

Hans Wolpe, *Raynal et sa machine de guerre* (Stanford: Stanford Univ. Press, 1957. 252 pp. \$3.75. Stanford University Publications, University Series, Language and Literature, XV). DR. Wolpe has given us, for his doctoral thesis, a useful and solid study. His purpose (though it is not until page 90 that we are told clearly just what it is) is strictly to make a systematic comparative study of the *variantes* in the three versions of the *Histoire des Deux Indes* (1770, 1774, 1780), principally from the viewpoint of ideas, connotations and emotional attitudes.

This is a study we needed to have. Feugère's classic thesis is still the basic general work on Raynal. But Feugère goes too lightly over the philosophical content, and makes no effort to trace thematically the transformation of thought in the three editions. Now Dr. Wolpe has done this for us, skillfully, intelligently, and in a lively and attractive style. Following a brief introduction on the history of the work, there is an interesting analysis of its order and structure, explaining the techniques of interpolation and revision. (I do think Dr. Wolpe would have to make a more convincing case for his belief in the artistic unity of the whole.) The rest of the book proceeds by subject matter: geography and history, economics, sociology, politics, religion and ethics. The analysis reveals a progression towards radical polemicism that is consistent in all departments from one edition (or revision) to the next.

The body of the thesis is followed by two appendixes that deal with certain aspects of the contributions of Raynal's collaborators, especially Diderot. Here Dr. Wolpe utilizes Professor Dieckmann's *Inventaire du fonds Vandeul* and microfilms placed at his disposal by Professor Dieckmann. With Benedictine patience, he has worked with two of these papers and charted their appearance (or non-appearance) throughout the three editions. This may be of interest chiefly to those who wish to track down some specific passages, and also as an illustration of the history of the *Histoire*. Aside from some comments on the Diderot manuscripts in question, Dr. Wolpe's conclusions are largely those of Feugère; namely, that Diderot had contributed to the 1774 edition and was principally responsible for the 'radical' additions of 1780. I wonder why Dr. Wolpe does not reaffirm Feugère's further conclusion, that Diderot had a bit of a hand in the very first edition, especially since this tallies with Vandeul's inclusion of some passages of the first edition as the work of Diderot.

Dr. Wolpe brings out in arresting fashion the persistent duality of

theoretical radicalism and practical moderation in Raynal's work. He does not, however, apply to it Feugère's explanation—that of two different minds, the daring of Diderot and the pedestrian timidity of Raynal. Yet this seems, at least on the face of it, a satisfactory explanation. In fact, I felt ill at ease on many occasions when Dr. Wolpe speaks of 'Raynal' and 'Raynal's thought' as if it were a unity, neglecting what he himself has well brought out, the collaborative nature of the enterprise. He never considers whether the differing viewpoints he comments on may be due to the hand of different thinkers. Several times, on reading passages from the *Histoire*, I detected reminiscences of Diderot's writings, or felt his pen at work. Unless we are to assume that Raynal personally accepted and absorbed into his own mind all that he set down in his history, I do not see how we can speak of 'Raynal's thought,' or its problems, but only of that of his book.

It is too bad that Dr. Wolpe's rigorous adherence to the limits of his thesis has obliged him to forego frequent opportunities to judge this thought in relation to that of other writers of his time. Thus Raynal's criticism of Montesquieu (p. 89) could be explained in the light of that of a whole group of *philosophes*; Dr. Wolpe's passage on the buccaneers (pp. 100-101) could benefit by references to Rousseau and Diderot, and the chapter on religion by references to Voltaire.

But Dr. Wolpe's book can well stand on its merits, and on its usefulness to eighteenth-century scholars. The lasting impression one carries away is of the dramatic light in which he has revealed the three-stage evolution of Raynal's historically influential guided missile. Even if Raynal's thinking did not itself evolve as consistently as his book did; even if he only let himself follow in the wake of stronger and more daring minds, the history of his work is none the less a striking and significant chapter in eighteenth-century thought.

Goucher College

LESTER G. CROCKER

Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve, *Vie, poésies et pensées de Joseph Delorme*, ed. Gérard Antoine (Paris: Nouvelles Editions Latines, 1956. cl + 301 pp.). THE first important step taken in Sainte-Beuve scholarship was the publication, over fifty years ago, of Gustave Michaut's *Sainte-Beuve avant les Lundis* (together with his Latin

thesis on the *Tableau*). For almost half a century this rich study has provided the basis and the inspiration for much of the biographical and critical books and articles that have been published.¹ The second step, equally important, was the monumental task begun by Jean Bonnerot several decades ago, and which continues: it is no less than a day-by-day reconstruction of the life and works of Sainte-Beuve. Through his publication of the *Correspondance générale*, the *Bibliographie* and numerous articles, M. Bonnerot has made it possible for the *beuviste* to follow the protean critic through his long, rich and complex life as if he were an intimate companion. As a result of M. Bonnerot's dedication a renaissance has taken place in Sainte-Beuve studies. André Billy's splendid biography of the critic and Maxime Leroy's Pléiade editions are a few examples of what M. Bonnerot's work has made possible. The time has finally come when the enormous task of republishing the complete works of Sainte-Beuve in the form of critical editions is feasible. The need for such editions of the poetry is especially great: the last edition of the complete poems was published in 1879, and studies of Sainte-Beuve's poetry have not appeared in very large numbers. This might seem strange, given the acknowledged historical importance of the poetry, especially of *Joseph Delorme*, which through its influence on Baudelaire helped to shape the poetic tradition of the last hundred years.

With the publication of this excellent critical edition of the *Vie, Poésies et Pensées de Joseph Delorme*, Professor G  rald Antoine has thus filled a large gap and made a major contribution to Sainte-Beuve studies, one that will make possible a reassessment of Sainte-Beuve's poetry and of his role in the romantic revolt and in the development of French poetry since 1830. It is a handsome reproduction of the 1829 edition (Delangle), accompanied by a highly useful introduction, rich notes, and a complete lexicon. For those who will study Sainte-Beuve's poetry, M. Antoine's text will have to be the starting point.

M. Antoine's Introduction is divided into three parts. In the first, he presents a general history of the volume: the order of composition

¹ For reviews of Sainte-Beuve studies since 1900 see: J. Bonnerot, "Sainte-Beuve et ses biographes," *RHLLF*, LIV (1954), 514-524 and *Un Demi-Si  cle d'  tudes sur Sainte-Beuve, 1904-1954* (Les Belles Lettres, 1957); B. H. Mainous and H. C. Woodbridge, "A Sainte-Beuve Bibliography," *ACRL Microcard Series*, No. 11, Rochester: University of Rochester Press, 1954; B. H. Mainous, "Recent Sainte-Beuve Publishing and Research," *Kentucky Foreign Language Quarterly*, II (1955), 104-114; B. Munt  ano, "Sainte-Beuve antique et moderne. Ouvrages r  cents et perspectives," *RLC*, XXVIII (1954), 458-473; E. M. Phillips, "The Present State of Sainte-Beuve Studies," *FS*, v (1951), 101-125.

of the poems, the circumstances of publication, the manuscripts that remain, and the editions. The absence of a complete manuscript and the nature of the text itself make it practically impossible to date the composition of all the poems, but they are grouped in chronological order, and wherever feasible, we are given precise information as to time of composition. The groupings are as follows: (1) poems written before the "conversion," 1823-1826, "dans le sillage des Classiques, de Rousseau et de Lamartine"; (2) poems written after the "conversion," from 1827 through the beginning of 1829, further subdivided according to theme and style into (a) poems of the disciple and neophyte, (b) poems inspired by the balls at the Arsenal (winters of '27-'28, '28-'29), (c) poems in which Sainte-Beuve seeks to find an original manner (the *élégie d'analyse*), e.g., "L'Enfant rêveur," "Vœu," (d) imitations of the Lake poets and of Schiller. After listing the few extant manuscript versions of the poems, and those published in journals before the volume appeared, M. Antoine gives a detailed description of the editions that succeeded the first, noting the changes made, the correspondence relating to them, and copies of special interest.

In Part II M. Antoine studies the inspiration and art of the *Poésies* with great care, raising most of the important problems without trying to solve all of them. He debates the question of sincerity and insincerity of inspiration with a recent critic of Sainte-Beuve, M. J. Evrard, and decides in the poet's favor. (This is not the most edifying part of the Introduction.) He rightly stresses as marks of Sainte-Beuve's originality the intimate, realistic character of the poetry and the conception of the poet-artist (though Sainte-Beuve is certainly *not* the first) reflected in the poems and the thoughts. He shows too how Sainte-Beuve distinguished himself from his contemporaries by avoiding their oriental, Biblical, philhellenic, imperial, and Byronic themes, and by not indulging in the macabre fantasy of his more frenetic fellow poets. Sainte-Beuve's modernity, his "symbolisme avant la lettre," both matters of considerable importance, are alluded to but not demonstrated, unfortunately. Fuller treatment is given to the language—vocabulary, imagery, syntax—of *Joseph Delorme*. Sainte-Beuve's bold effort to introduce into the lyric a vocabulary that had been restricted to casual, conversational prose—and that was even somewhat vulgar ("Et de loin l'on entend la charrette crier/ Sous le fumier infect, le fouet du voiturier. . .")—make him look far more adventurous than the more grandiloquent rebels

of his generation. In later years he himself was struck by his youthful audacity, and even felt a little guilty ("ce sont des folies de jeunesse," "je suis tout étonné de ce que j'ai osé y dire, y exprimer"). His abuse of the traditional meaning of vocabulary ("des expressions d'un charmant abus," to use his phrase) prefigure the esthetic of the "chanson grise, où l'indécis au précis se joint." This is not to say that Sainte-Beuve does not use the 'noble' vocabulary inherited from the eighteenth century: words like *char*, *coursier*, *onde* abound in *Joseph Delorme*, as do the *vierges*. The same inconsistency can be noted in his imagery: alongside the moribund pseudo-classical periphrasis ("la céleste toile") can be found remarkably modern images. It is made clear that the syntactical eccentricities of *Joseph Delorme* were part of a conscious effort to create an original manner. M. Antoine is at his best, I think, in this kind of linguistic analysis. He is somewhat less satisfying in what he has to say about versification, which he passes over rather quickly. In the concluding section of Part II, M. Antoine takes up the importance of the *Pensées*: "quoique incomplet, obscur parfois, il demeure un Maître-initiateur, en son Art poétique comme en ses Poésies; de ses Pensées sortira une génération de poètes-artistes, attentifs à doubler les puissances de l'inspiration par les sortilèges calculés de la forme. . . ."

In the last part of his Introduction M. Antoine takes up the "Situation de Joseph Delorme," in which he examines Sainte-Beuve's judgments of his first volume of poetry, its place in the history of romanticism, its sources, its influence, and criticism of the volume during Sainte-Beuve's lifetime. Of greatest interest is the section on the influence of *Joseph Delorme*, from the earliest moment through Barrès. Imitators were many, and none distinguished: Arvers, Turquet, Latour, Brizeux, Boulay-Paty, Mérat, Glatigny. Among the major figures influenced by *Joseph Delorme* M. Antoine counts Hugo (*Feuilles d'automne*), Lamartine (*Jocelyn*), perhaps Vigny ("La Flûte"), Bertrand, Nerval, Balzac (*Louis Lambert*), Gautier, Sully-Prudhomme (*Solitudes* and *Vaines tendresses*), Banville (*Odelettes*), Baudelaire, Verlaine, Barrès, Laforgue, Moréas, Richepin, and Jammes. M. Antoine does not try to prove his case in each instance, preferring, for obvious reasons, to dwell on the more striking ones. And of course, it is Baudelaire who interests him and us most. Sainte-Beuve's refusal to write an article on *Les Fleurs du mal*, his condescendingly paternal attitude toward Baudelaire, and the latter's seeming adulation of his elder have intrigued and annoyed critics for a hundred

years. Baudelaire acknowledged his debt to *Joseph Delorme*, and Sainte-Beuve saw in *Les Fleurs du mal* the effect of his first poems. One would have expected a fairly close relationship and some collaboration between critic and poet. Baudelaire was more than willing, but Sainte-Beuve did his best to keep him at a distance; he refused to help Baudelaire when he needed help most. No one has been able to fathom Sainte-Beuve's reasons for his abstention. Clearly, however, he had a low opinion of Baudelaire; he completely misjudged him. M. Antoine deals with this matter, and also briefly with both the resemblances and differences between *Joseph Delorme* and *Les Fleurs du mal*.

M. Antoine has rightly chosen to give us the Delangle text of 1829. The other possible choice, the Poulet-Malassis edition of 1861, which bore Sainte-Beuve's stamp of approval, presented no significant advantages, and the original was what we needed most of all. The few additions and corrections made between 1829 and 1861 are noted by the editor; they are of no particular importance. The text is, as far as I can tell, almost impeccable (I found one misprint). Appended to the text are an index of rhymes and a complete lexicon of *Joseph Delorme*, which bears witness to the recent rise of interest in lexicographical studies, and which will be of great use to anyone who undertakes a badly needed total study of Sainte-Beuve's poetry. M. Antoine not only lists the vocabulary, he also lists each occurrence of the individual terms.² This is invaluable.

One can only be deeply grateful to M. Antoine for his labors. It is to be hoped that his example will serve as a model for the future editors of *Les Consolations*, the *Pensées d'août*, and the *Livre d'amour*.

Wesleyan University

CARL A. VIGGIANI

Raymond Giraud, *The Unheroic Hero in the Novels of Stendhal, Balzac and Flaubert* (New Brunswick, N. J.: Rutgers Univ. Press, 1957. 240 pp. \$5.00). THIS is an alert and well-informed—but too brief—inquiry into a common aspect of the twin problems of the disappearance of the hero from modern fiction and of the

² For anyone interested, there exists a doctoral dissertation by the author of this review on the vocabulary of Sainte-Beuve's critical judgments, 1824-1830 (*An Introduction to Sainte-Beuve's Critical Vocabulary* [Ann Arbor: University Microfilms, 1952]), which deals with the relation of the poetic and critical vocabularies.

alienation of the artist. The middle-class novelist of the nineteenth century, forced to take an attitude toward the fellow bourgeois who were characters in his novels, could not be entirely at ease; such attitudes tended toward ambivalence. And the new kind of fictional hero who emerged was "too bourgeois to be heroic, too lonely and sensitive to be bourgeois."

Professor Giraud proposes three exemplary cases: Stendhal (Lucien Léuwen), Balzac (César Birotteau), and Flaubert (Frédéric Moreau), thus perhaps oversimplifying the problems. Stendhal, he says, produced an authentic hero but one not genuinely bourgeois. César Birotteau, on the other hand, he finds convincingly bourgeois but short of heroic stature. And Flaubert's man, although heroic as compared with such products of the mid-century *muflisme universel* as Lheureux and Homais, is otherwise compact of unresolved contradictions. The three analyses are rich in minute perceptions, especially, of signs of uneasiness in the authors as they confronted their subjects.

The book does an essential service in reminding us that most of our thinking about nineteenth-century society is too crude. There never was a bourgeoisie; the myth of a monolithic middle class is largely the work of the Marxists. The nature and constitution of the bourgeoisie changed constantly as the years went on; values evolved—and the notion of a universally honored set of them is an error in historical perspective anyway. Each novelist, each observer, is at the same time a product of special cultural circumstances within those of the larger group. (Cf. J. Delay's analysis of the Rondeaux and Gide families in *La Jeunesse d'André Gide*, I.) These conclusions emerge from Professor Giraud's study, but would stand out more clearly had he, in his final chapter, given more attention to the frustrated heroes of the French novel between 1870 and 1914. Also, he would have made a good book better, perhaps, if he had studied in detail at the beginning some novel whose hero is "confident and cheerfully 'engaged'." I suspect, at least, that what he takes as the product of a social situation is partly inherent in the nature of the novel itself, in that a novel scrutinizes its hero too closely for him ever to appear particularly well adjusted. (It is not entirely proven, for that matter, that social adjustment is the equivalent of heroic stature.)

This study follows the growing practice of translating all quotations. I have no objection as long as the translations reveal care and taste. But it will not do, in rendering Julien Sorel's famous retort to Madame de Rênal, to introduce a pun Stendhal never intended—

"I am still short, Madame, but not low"—and to allow Balzac to use the word "curvaceous" is almost an act of perfidy.

Harvard University

W. M. FROHOCK

J. H. Matthews, *Les Deux Zola* (Geneva: Droz, and Paris: Minard, 1957. xi + 100 pp.). MR. MATTHEWS' two Zolas are the scientific observer, and the poetic visionary, "l'homme aux prises avec la réalité . . . doué d'une sensibilité aiguisée, dont la vision se complique d'intentions scientifiques." He divides his book into nine short chapters: a biographical sketch and a summary of Zola's theories; four chapters on the scientist, and three on the poet. The excellent chapter titles: "Fers Rouges," "Le Greffier," "Le Milieu," "Les Documents," "Les Sens," "La Technique," and "Le Poète," are chosen from, or based on, passages from Zola's theoretical works.

The author has not only examined the voluminous manuscript material in the Bibliothèque Nationale, he has studied the works of Zola's contemporaries and disciples. Thus, in the chapter on the Naturalists' use of "les mots abominables nécessaires comme les fers rouges," he shows, at least implicitly, how Zola, unlike Huysmans and Céard, did not apply the *fers rouges* without an anaesthetic of lyricism or humor (Jésus-Christ in *La Terre* is a case of the latter). His development of the known fact that voluptuous or detailed description of the sexual act is rare in Zola produces an interesting discussion of the novelist's view of sexuality as a defense against death.

I found most rewarding the concluding chapters, which emphasize the artist: Zola's eye for color (p. 66), his use of synesthesia (p. 68), his concern for structure (pp. 79-80). On Zola's poetry, Mr. Matthews is somewhat less successful, stressing such qualities as amplification, personification, or fantasy, at the expense of style, which ought to come first in any study of a novelist as poet. Without wishing to reproach the author for not writing another kind of book (he says frankly in the Preface that he has had to leave out imagery), I still feel that any use of the working notes points clearly to the need for stylistic comment. As an example, Mr. Matthews has unerringly selected from the mass of documentation for *Nana* the very significant description, written by Céard, of a *cocodette* preening naked before the mirror, as her lover lounges smoking on a sofa. Zola used this for the famous scene of the "Mouche d'or" in *Nana's* dressing room. But Mr. Matthew's only conclusion is that he altered Céard's note

to fit the novel's needs: "au moment de se servir de ce document, Zola l'a soumis aux besoins de son roman (p. 58)." Something more could surely have been made of the similarities and differences. For one thing, Céard speaks of her "grâce lesbienne," and one wonders if this suggested the Sapphic interludes in the novel. There is also the remarkable fusion of art and reality in a scene which, though described from life by Céard, also closely resembled those "New Olympias" other friends had been painting for years.

But as far as his use of Zola's working notes is concerned, Mr. Matthews' book is definitely one step beyond the first and certainly necessary phase—the isolation of their most significant passages—towards a fuller study of their relationship with the individual works and their revelations concerning the novelist's method. In general his work offers an excellent demonstration that there really were never two Zolas: and that very likely the chief reason why Zola is the only Naturalist still readable today is that in his novels tradition, document, and image are one.

University of California, Los Angeles

JOHN C. LAPP

Arthur Schnitzler and Georg Brandes, *Briefwechsel*, ed. Kurt Bergel (Berkeley: Univ. of California Press, 1956. 240 pp. \$3.00. University of California Publications in Modern Philology, 46). THE first exchange of letters between the Danish critic and historian Georg Brandes and the Austrian playwright and novelist Arthur Schnitzler took place in 1894, when the former was 52, the latter 32 years of age; the last in 1926, one year before Brandes's death and four years before Schnitzler's. The "interior" time covered by this correspondence spans the mature age of Brandes whose European reputation had been firmly established for a long time, whereas it embraces virtually the whole of Schnitzler's career as a man of letters. This is, at least in part, the reason why the present volume contains more information of relevance about the younger writer while Brandes appears more often than not in the attitude of a somewhat uneasy Olympian.

When, in 1894, Schnitzler sent Brandes complimentary copies of his *Anatol* and *Märchen* he must have sensed in the Danish writer a similar background, the Jewish sector of the well-to-do European middle class, and a common heritage, the liberal and essentially rational humanism of the late nineteenth century. Admittedly he

was also attracted by the fame of the author of the *Hauptströmungen*. Encouraged by the master, he deposited work after work on his doorstep. For long stretches of time Brandes made it his habit to answer immediately; his critiques, however, were prompt rather than profound. This, in turn, elicited from Schnitzler commentaries and confessions which will retain a constant interest for the student of his works. The correspondence about *Leutnant Gustl* is especially rewarding and, with regard to one point, downright revealing: so far the accepted opinion has held that the novella was written without Schnitzler's knowledge of Dujardin's *Les lauriers sont coupés*. But in a letter written in spring 1901 Schnitzler admits quite unequivocally: "Mir aber wurde der erste Anlass zu der *Form* (sc. of *Leutnant Gustl*) durch eine Geschichte von Dujardin gegeben . . ." (S 24, p. 88). The same letter refers to Dostoevsky's *Krotkaya* as to another example of the stream-of-consciousness technique, but it is "eine Novelle . . . , die ich nicht kenne. . . ."

On the other hand, Schnitzler was unable to read Danish and to comment on Brandes's books before they were translated. This is probably another reason why Brandes fails to "come off" in these letters. Especially the astoundingly productive last decade of his life finds little reflection here. But then both Brandes and Schnitzler shared in the solitude which had befallen European humanists during and after the first world war. They accepted their fate stoically, feeling ever more akin to one another, and growing less and less communicative.

Professor Bergel has added a competent preface to these 60 Schnitzler and 55 Brandes letters; the collection also contains the draft of a "nicht gehaltene Festrede für Georg Brandes." Less convincing seems the inclusion of three letters from Edith, Brandes's daughter,—she asked for a *Stammbuchblatt* and got a trivial quatrain—, and of three communications from Gertrud Rung, Brandes's secretary, which concern matters of health and hotel reservations. Generally speaking, Professor Bergel has over-edited the volume without being able to exclude all errors and ambiguities. Why indicate some of Brandes's "danicisms," while overlooking others? One example for many: Page 181 corrects the two slips "gab zwei Bücher aus" and "reiste aus," while the same letter's "konnte . . . nicht an ihrer Beerdigung dasein" and "nicht Frankreich einmal" go unnoticed? Why indicate these "errors" at all since they do not prove anything but that Brandes was a Dane? Why extend the notes to including

an attempt at psychoanalysing Brandes (p. 181)? Why, on the other hand, omit on p. 176 any indication that the notes pertain to three letters instead of two? Why annotate a simple two-line invitation by Schnitzler with a half-page account of Ibsen's relationship with Emilie Bardach (S 30, pp. 94 and 197, respectively), especially since this material was taken from Oskar Seidlin's model edition of the Schnitzler-Brahm correspondence published as recently as 1953?

These are, of course, minor questions of method and taste. Apart from them it is regrettable that Schnitzler's letters and diaries are not being published in a unified edition allowing the reader the use of a systematic and perspicuous *apparatus criticus*. As a writer and a symbol of his age Arthur Schnitzler is well deserving of a definitive edition.

Oberlin College

HEINZ POLITZER

Fritz Martini, *Das Wagnis der Sprache. Interpretationen deutscher Prosa von Nietzsche bis Benn*, 2nd ed. (Stuttgart: Klett, 1956. 529 pp.). THE book's title is repeatedly defined (51, 60, 175, 204, 470) and with each definition its implications grow in range and complexity. Summarizing these definitions (505) Professor Martini states the quest for "ultimate reality" to be the central theme of the prose works he selected for his analysis. Such a quest indicates the loss of metaphysical certainty, man's growing alienation from his world and its increasing disintegration, his restlessness and loneliness. Thus it becomes necessary for the writer to transcend the range of realism and to venture into the unconscious, the demonic and the magic, the absurd and the mythical. This "*Ausgriff des Erzählens*," this daring advance, is *das Wagnis der Sprache*.

Twelve key passages, averaging two and a half pages each, taken from Nietzsche, G. Hauptmann, Holz, Rilke, Th. Mann, Hofmannsthal, Heym, Kafka, Döblin, Carossa, Broch, and Benn are interpreted in commentaries ranging from 19 pp. (Holz) to 52 pp. (Broch and Benn). Martini discusses the personal style of each writer and his share in the "Zeitstil" on the basis of these key passages. He then analyzes with great finesse and convincing argumentation stylistic innovations, expressive of daring advances into new realms of consciousness. En passant the author scatters stimulating ideas, topics of research still to be done, e.g. Expressionistic elements in Hofmannsthal's works (268 and 273), The influence of Jugendstil" on

literature, particularly on expressionism (283), Benn as exponent of German "Südlandsehnsucht" (492).

The reviewer differs with Professor Martini, as will many readers, about the interpretation of various passages; that is the nature and the curse of literary criticism. Most of the few actual errors in the book are caused by too long and too close scrutiny of limited passages. In such a case seemingly obvious points sometimes escape attention. A few examples are cited:

The last paragraph on p. 75 is at variance with Hauptmann's text (56; 5-57; 6). The "Punkt" is not Thiel and the "Maschine" of which the author speaks here and in many other places is an entire train.—Rilke's first three sentences (133) contrast "man" and "die Leute." Martini makes a point of identifying the two (146)—The author reaches too high when he maintains (147) a reference to Christ to exist in the suffering of the lonely man (133; 1). The people do not spit at the lonely man and Christ was never stoned.—Carossa describes his little boy's self made automat (375). In Martini's anagogical interpretation the automat becomes a symbol of life and a little boy's trick to get money out of his parents becomes an act of hostile gods (406). But the gods have not stacked the automat, the little boy has.—The author speaks of Rilke's "Dichtung des 'Hiesigen' und dessen Transzendieren im Tode zum 'Weltinnenraum'" (423). This interpretation of "Weltinnenraum" is contradicted by Rilke's poem: "Es winkt zur Fühlung fast aus allen Dingen" and his Ninth Duino Elegy.

The only serious flaw of the book in the opinion of the reviewer is its "Gelehrtendeutsch," this undying form of preciosity. There is an abundance of tautologies: "Er flieht in die Arbeit, d. h. er sucht Hilfe im Tätig-Werden" (93); ganze Totalität (107); es geht ihm intentional um eine Seinsaussage (143); Expressivität des künstlerischen Ausdrucks (48). Tautologies mean verbal inflation. The "Paradebeispiel" is Martini's restating of two lines of Rilke's prose in six of his own (173, 174).

Not Antoine Baudeau, sieur de Somaize but our author wrote: Der Stier, vom Vital-Leiblichen her schnaubend und brüllend hörbar, wird zum Sinnbild der schaffenden Kraft, und im Bilde der Pflugschar liegt der Sinn seines zeugenden Tuns" (43). That is seventeenth century "préciosité" but what Martini has to say about this bull and the hundreds of other poetic symbols which he discusses in his book is brilliant literary criticism of our own time.

Northwestern University

MENO SPANN

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The Call of Blood in French Classical Tragedy

By Clifton C. Cherpach

The "call of blood" is the instinctive reaction by which people are supposed to recognize their kinship to others. It was a significant feature of French tragedy in the 17th and 18th centuries and has never before been singled out or analyzed. Because of the originality of the critical interpretations it contains, and its importance to the whole subject of French classicism, this book will arouse considerable interest. The author, who teaches romance languages at Johns Hopkins, provides new ideas on French classicism in general and on many of the individual dramas of the period.

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